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Our Honor Roll

ON December 15, 1927, the following churches had one hundred or more subscribers upon our roll:

Sioux Falls, S. D., 369; Meriden, Conn., First, 300; St. Louis, Mo., Pilgrim, 210; Oak Park, Ill., Pilgrim, 206; Painesville, Ohio, First, 183; Northfield, Minn., First, 128; West Roxbury, Mass., 127; Sioux City, Iowa, First, 126; Somerville, Mass., Highland, 122; Camden, Maine, 121; Fairfield, Conn., 120; Waterbury, Conn., First, 120; Upper Montclair, N. J., 118; Kalamazoo, Mich., 113; Newport, Ky., St. John's, 113; Walton, N. Y., 113; South Haven, Mich., 112; Oakland, Calif., Plymouth, 108; Beloit, Wis., Second, 106; Holyoke, Mass., Grace, 106; Providence, R. I., Central, 106; Bridgeport, Conn., Park, 105; Madison, Ohio, 105; Portland, Maine, Williston, 104; Wakefield, Mass., 104; New Haven, Conn., Dwight Place, 103; Sparta, Wis., 103; Framingham, Mass., Grace, 102; Lorain, Ohio, 102; Oberlin, Ohio, United, 102; Florence, Mass., 101; Haverhill, Mass., North, 101; Longmeadow, Mass., 101; Bangor, Maine, Hammond Street, 100; Billings, Mont., First, 100; Bridgeport, Conn., United, 100; Coleridge, Neb., 100; Council Bluffs, Iowa, First, 100; Downers Grove, Ill., 100; Edwardsville, Penn., 100; Elyria, Ohio, 100; Galesburg, Ill., Central, 100; Grand Rapids, Mich., East, 100; Lawrence, Kan., 100; New Milford, Conn., 100; New York, Broadway Tabernacle, 100; New York, Grace, 100; Omaha, Neb., First, 100; Pasadena, Calif., Lake Avenue, 100; Putnam, Conn., Second, 100; St. Petersburg, Fla., 100; Seattle, Wash., Plymouth, 100; Seymour, Conn., 100; Springfield, Mo., 100; Suffield, Conn., 100; Wauwatosa, Wis., 100.

Churches, mostly smaller, whose clubs entitle them to great credit:

Abington, Mass.; Batavia, Ill.; Beverly, Mass., Second; Camden, Maine; Camden, N. Y.; Campbell, Calif.; Carpentersville, Ill.; Centerbrook, Conn.; Ceres, Calif.; Charlevoix, Mich.; Charidon, Ohio; Clinton, Mich.; Concord, N. H., First; Corona, Calif.; Crary, N. D.; Deep River, Conn.; Emmetsburg, Iowa; Fulton, N. Y.; Gasport, N. Y.; Granby, Mass.; Grand Forks, N. D.; Grand Ledge, Mich.; Germantown, Penn.; Greens Farms, Conn.; Hamilton, Mass.; Harvard, Mass.; Hatfield, Mass.; Hopkinton, Mass.; Hopkinton, N. H.; Hayes Center, Neb.; Ione, Ore.; Jefferson, Ohio; Kansas City, Mo., First; Kansas City, Mo., Westminster; Kansas City, Kan.; La Mesa, Calif.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Lisbon, N. H.; Little Ferry, N. J.; Manchester, Conn.; Maynard, Mass.; McKeesport, Penn.; Montpelier, Vt.; Naperville, Ill.; North Fairfield, Ohio; North Leominster, Mass.; North Weymouth, Mass.; Olivet, Mich.; Palestine, Texas; Perry, Maine; Philadelphia, Penn., Central; Presque Isle, Maine; Roberts, Ill.; Rochester, Wis.; Rosendale, Wis.; St. Louis, Mo., Fountain Park; Sabetha, Kan.; Santa Barbara, Calif.; Savannah, N. Y.; Scranton, Penn.; Sedalia, Mo.; Sheldon Iowa; Spearfish, S. D.; Spring Valley, Ill.; Steamboat Rock, Iowa; Strawberry Point, Iowa; Wabasha, Minn.; Wareham, Mass.; West Brookfield, Mass.; West Cornwall, Conn.; Weymouth, Mass., South; Whitewater, Wis.; Whittier, Calif.; York Village, Maine.

The Procession of the Prophets

"IT is not so much the brevity of life that impresses me as the shortness of its productive period."

The speaker was one who, from the vantage point of his tenth decade, watched the progress of human events with clear eye and unabated interest.

"Have you not noticed it?" he exclaimed, "A man, usually one of a group, comes suddenly to public notice. For a while his sayings and doings are first page news; his opinions are accepted; his plans prevail; his influence is widespread and powerful; but he is soon gone. Either death has claimed him, ill health put him out of commission, or, more tragic still, his morning vision has faded into the light of common day. He no longer has anything to say that men care to hear; so he drops out of sight, while others, pressing forward, take his place. Although my own life has covered less than three generations," he continued, "I must have seen at least a dozen of these successive leader groups. I am not saying, mark you, that great men are shorter lived than others; but that their day of power is exceedingly brief."

We are reminded of that aged man's wisdom by reading Ray Stannard Baker's striking words about Woodrow Wilson. "He was fifty-four years in preparing to live, ten in living and three in dying."

The leaders of whom our friend was speaking were not merely the prominent people of a period. He certainly did not refer to the men of bad eminence, false prophets, war lords and others who get us into trouble; nor to the blind guides who, having come to power by dint of some favoring chance or extra ability, have neither the wisdom nor the will to match their opportunity and so get us nowhere. The persons he had in mind were those men of light and leading who, going before their comrades, have shown us the way to a more abundant life. These, the only real leaders of the race, whether their following be large or small, are by far the most precious product that our human acres yield.

The qualities that belong to genuine leadership are rare; only a few possess them in a high degree. When we speak as though any likely lad by proper training could be made a leader, we are using that term in a restricted sense. Education increases and makes available whatever is native to the individual and thus vastly enhances his worth to society; but it can never put into him what was not there in the first place. No amount of cutting and polishing can make a diamond out of a bit of quartz. Hampton

did not produce the foremost man of the African race; it only made available the incomparable genius of Booker T. Washington.

Whoever, then, discovers in himself or another genuine capacity for leadership, even though limited in power, let him remember that he has come upon a thing of first importance, a gift that should be developed, trained and cherished with all patient painstaking care. The one great essential for the development and preservation of leadership is free continuous access to the secret springs of spiritual power. Nothing important can be done in this line except by the man who gives its full opportunity to his inner life.

James Russell Lowell, when our national representative at the Court of St. James, was asked whether he was writing any more poetry. "No," said Lowell, "no, not now; I am much too busy for work of that kind. To write good verse takes ample time. Things that are to have wings must be brooded over. Can a setting hen wait on the door bell?"

We have known more than one young man of brilliant parts who, when prematurely thrust into a place of large responsibility, failed to make good. His achievements fell far behind his early promise. The disappointment usually came, as we believe, not from an over-estimate of his ability, but because he did not meet the inexorable conditions upon which spiritual power is given and retained. He suffered a tangled over-growth of miscellaneous, bustling activities to choke the harvest of the soul. Older men suffer in the same way. It sometimes happens that in the midst of the most fruitful period of life a leader goes stale. His normal freshness, resourcefulness and power vanish, just as the radio's music fades away when the "A" battery is exhausted. In such a case, there is but one thing to do: that battery must be recharged, or no more music.

The writer was once invited to a lunch for two by Dr. Lyman Abbott, a priceless privilege for a young man. Dr. Abbott was at the time carrying a double load. He was editor of *The Outlook* and pastor of Plymouth Church. In the course of that memorable interview, Dr. Abbott said, in confidence, one thing that may now be told.

"It was not the amount of work to be done that troubled me when I first undertook the Plymouth pastorate, so much as the pitiless publicity involved. I found that I had never a moment to myself. So far as privacy went I might as well have had my study on the sidewalk (and there were no telephones

in those days, either). The situation, as I soon discovered, was impossible. I then hit upon the plan which I am following with satisfaction. I have a fixed engagement every day at noon. Upon the stroke of the hour, no matter who is there or what is going on, I retire to my study and shut the door, while my faithful wife mounts guard outside. Whoever may wish to see me at that time must wait until one o'clock. What I do with that hour behind bolted doors is my own affair."

Whether Dr. Abbott continued to reserve the noonday hour after his retirement from the Ply-

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Does It Pay to Circulate the Magazine?

Some Interesting Figures

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY is published for the purpose of extending the knowledge of our homeland societies; their needs and opportunities, and the results of their work.

Its striking covers, attractive pictures and interesting text arrest attention and lead to perusal. The result is information and inspiration, the impelling forces which transmute indifference and neglect into active interest and enthusiastic co-operation.

Apportionment Receipts From Twenty Churches Having Large Circulation of The American Missionary

	1924	1926
Sioux Falls, South Dakota	\$ 1,333	\$ 2,665
Grand Rapids, Michigan, East...	1,107	2,050
Beverly, Mass., Second	217	807
Painesville, Ohio, First	2,878	3,110
Springfield, Missouri	2,049	2,117
Naperville, Illinois	914	1,426
Wakefield, Massachusetts	5,514	6,221
Elyria, Ohio, Second	578	650
South Haven, Michigan	1,506	1,506
Wabasha, Minnesota	111	201
Seattle, Washington, Plymouth..	8,608	9,734
North Weymouth, Massachusetts.	495	564
Kalamazoo, Michigan	1,057	2,691
Hartford, Conn., Windsor Ave...	1,689	2,368
York Village, Maine	37	60
Santa Barbara, California	551	888
Athol, Massachusetts	1,118	1,876
Grand Lodge, Michigan	259	385
Campbell, California	524	516
Webster Groves, Missouri	2,572	2,904
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$33,127	\$42,739

We receive many letters telling of the increased interest in our societies, as the result of the circulation of the magazine, but it is not easy to meas-

ure this gain in concrete terms. The apportionment figures of a number of churches where an effort has been made to place the magazine in the homes of as many members as possible furnish an interesting study.

The first three churches upon the list introduced the magazine to a large proportion of their membership to see what the effect would be. The others were selected at random from among churches in different parts of the country which have widely circulated the magazine. Other churches, notably the First Church of Meriden, Connecticut, whose benevolent contributions are generous, have had large magazine clubs for many years, and a comparison could not therefore be made.

It will be seen that while two or three of these churches have maintained their benevolence contributions at about the same amount, most of them show an increase, some even doubling their gifts. The total net gain for the twenty churches is \$9,612, or about thirty per cent.

An interesting experience was that of one of our Eastern churches which tried the effect of putting in a large subscription list to THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY. The benevolence contributions at once increased thirty per cent; the treasurer saying that he knew of no reason for this other than the circulation of the magazine. The magazine was continued for two years, with benevolence contributions slowly increasing. The club was then discontinued and the contributions immediately fell off one-third, or over a thousand dollars.

Of course, many factors enter into these results, but it seems safe to say that the magazine has an influence which cannot be disregarded. The visualization of the united activities of our churches which the magazine gives to its readers cannot fail to arouse thought and stimulate action.—T. J. S.

Pastoral Work: The Minister's Opportunity

Modern Substitutes Can Never Take its Place

By JOHN R. SCOTFORD

MANY ministers tend to minimize the importance of pastoral work. They conceive of it as boring drudgery inflicted upon them by ecclesiastical custom. Calling they think of in terms of shoe leather, stair-climbing, doorbell ringing, and people not at home. Many plead that they do not care to spend their afternoons talking to the women. Others excuse themselves on the ground that they have more important business than that of extending pastoral care to their members. Sometimes they try to farm out this part of their responsibility by engaging a "parish visitor." This is a vain device. An assistant may run errands and carry on many activities, but no assistant can make the pastoral calls which the pastor should make.

Administration Over-Emphasized

In the mind of the minister, the popular substitute for pastoral work is parish administration. The present tendency is to magnify the executive function of the minister. This emphasis is due to two influences. As the church has been institutionalized the minister has necessarily taken on managerial functions. But this development has been greatly stimulated by the example of modern business. The great man in modern industry is the executive who sits in a private office with a secretary at his elbow and directs the activity of others. This picture of the private office and the secretary and the orders has captured the general imagination, including that of the minister. Instead of thinking of themselves as pastors, wearily walking the pavement, they like to picture themselves as the directing heads of great institutions. Given their choice between pastoral and executive work, many ministers are led by pride to emphasize the latter.

Now in the modern church the work of administration must be carried on, and much of it must be done by the minister. But this work of direction should not take the place of pastoral work. The modern church is not such a fearfully complicated piece of machinery that it requires all the energy of the minister just to see that the wheels go round without too much squeaking. The wise minister will regard his administrative responsibilities as a chore which must be done, and which he will dispatch with both thoroughness and speed. They will be a means to an end rather than an end in themselves.

The minister who allows his administrative tasks to usurp an undue proportion of his time and

strength exposes himself to two dangers. He may degenerate into an ecclesiastical putterer, troubled about many things, most of them of little worth. Running a church office is somewhat like making one's toilet—it will absorb all the time that we have to give to it, but the increased time does not add appreciably to the value of the result. A minister can easily get lost in the mechanical details of his tasks. The second danger is that of losing contact with both people and God. A desk is rarely an altar. Running an institution does not feed the soul. The man who becomes absorbed in administration is in danger of losing something fine out of his life. In America today we have an abundance of administrators, both ecclesiastical and otherwise; but there is no superfluity of men of spiritual vision.

Pastoral Calls Enrich the Preaching

Sometimes men beg off from their pastoral responsibilities on the ground that their pulpit preparation must take precedence over everything else, and that after they have prepared their sermons they have not the time and strength to go forth and see the people. Now the pulpit is the preacher's throne. Unless he has a message for the people his labors are of little worth. But whence shall that message come? Some men get theirs out of books. Their preparation has but scant relation to the community of people among whom they live. Their preaching goes "over the heads of the people," which is a polite way of saying that they utterly miss their mark. Preaching is not lecturing. Neither is it the random proclamations of truth. It is the cultivation of the spiritual life of a group of people by a man who stands in a peculiar relationship to those people. At its best it is marked by a high degree of intimacy. If the sermon is really to serve the people, it must spring from a penetrating knowledge of them and of their needs. As Protestantism is now organized the minister can only obtain this deeper insight through pastoral service.

The Latchstring Always Out to the Pastor

Marvelous is the opportunity which is afforded to the minister by the traditions of the pastoral office. He is welcomed to the homes of both high and low. Even the utter stranger will commonly invite him in. No other man in the community has such a universal entrée. If he be the right sort of man, a large proportion of the people will speedily admit him to their confidence. He is the recipient of a great

mass of "inside information." When the crises of life occur, he is expected to be there. He helps to welcome the new baby to the world. He marries the young people. He is there when death comes. And it is his privilege to share in many other joys and disappointments. He has a greater opportunity to touch life at its high moments than any other man. To be a real pastor means to enter into the life experiences of a group of people over a considerable period of time. Their life becomes his life. Nowhere may one drink more deeply of human experience than in the pastoral office. No relationship of life affords greater opportunity for spiritual adventures.

On the one hand we find that many ministers regard pastoral work as sheer drudgery, and that at times we all feel that way. On the other hand, no one can question the theoretical possibilities of the position. How may we transform this aspect of our work from a burdensome duty to a glad opportunity?

What we make out of pastoral work depends almost wholly upon the attitude of mind which we bring to it. If we regard it only as necessary routine, it will bore us. If we give it our best thought and attention, we will be repaid by many fascinating discoveries. Let us see how this principle applies to the different phases of pastoral work.

The Cure of Souls as a Science

When we mention the burdens of pastoral work, calling comes at once to mind. This is the particular chore which most ministers dislike. It looks like a silly and futile occupation to go about ringing door bells in the hope that some one may be home. But if we regard it as an opportunity to explore the possibilities of human nature, it takes on a different aspect. In the call we are dealing with people under very favorable conditions. They are alone or in small family groups. We are in their home, and a home is likely to be a revealing place. We have an excellent chance to find out what sort of folks they really are. The minister making a call may well say to himself, "Here are some people with whom I have a point of contact. They have their needs. I am here to discern those needs so far as they reveal them, and then to discover how I, as a minister, and the church which I serve may meet these needs." If the pastor adopts this point of view he will find calling a fascinating occupation. Of course he will go to many homes where the people usher him into the parlor, but do not give him admittance to their lives. When he encounters such a situation, the pastor had best discuss the weather and pass on to the next call. But because he did not happen

to discover the particular need of that person or family on the first call, it does not follow that they will never need him. The wise pastor is not discouraged because many of his contacts seem at first to be utterly superficial. People change almost from day to day. The next time that he calls, he may penetrate beneath the surface—or he may have to wait a year or even several years for his time of opportunity. But the man who has the pastoral instinct, who truly desires to help people, will ultimately find it possible to make a helpful contact with most of his parishioners. When we are trying to help people we always find them interesting. The secret of profitable pastoral calling lies hidden in our own hearts. If we start out in the right spirit, rarely will an afternoon pass without bringing contacts that are both happy and stimulating.

The Discovery of Recruits

Closely related to the task of pastoral calling is the obligation to recruit the membership of the church. The common custom is for the minister to call upon all the likely prospects, urging them to unite with the church. If this be simply a process of begging the people to do something which we want them to do, it is not an inspiring task. An increasing number of ministers are declining to talk people into the Christian church. But there is another way of getting at this which renders it a most fascinating undertaking. If the minister is able to visualize to himself the needs and the yearnings of a particular person, and then to suggest how the church may really be of help to that person, the matter of membership will usually take care of itself. In many instances the person interviewed in this fashion will volunteer to unite with the church without being asked. Intelligent pastoral work leads people to ask for church membership.

The Minister's Visitors

The callers who seek the minister are another pastoral opportunity. They come because they feel some need—yet it does not follow that they will at once make known what that need is. Sometimes we must listen for an hour or more before we find out what ails them. If we lack imagination we may dismiss them before the hour is up as bores, but if we have penetration of mind we will try to fathom their problem—and will find it interesting. Even the panhandler presents interesting possibilities if we ignore his surface desire for a hand-out and try to meet the deeper problem of his life.

The House of Mourning

The funeral is another responsibility which is often a burden. Just conducting a service and going to the grave is neither inspiring nor stimulating. Not

a few ministers writhe under the seeming futility of such a procedure. A funeral becomes worth while in proportion as we really know the people who are involved. If we have fathomed the heart of the deceased, we will have no difficulty in finding something worth while to say at the service conducted in his memory. If we approach the bereaved with a spirit of understanding, their hearts will be opened to us and their tongues unloosed. Family problems are prone to come to the surface at such a time. The task of the minister is to nourish the sense of eternal values, to lead the people to see that there are some things which death cannot end. It is a difficult task, and one in which none of us are as proficient as we should be, and yet it is a fascinating problem upon which to work.

The Wedding Feast

Weddings are welcomed by every minister, probably because they are almost always cheerful, and because the tradition of paying the minister is rarely violated. But do we make as much of the opportunity as we might? Of course there are many weddings when all that can be done is to marry them in a decent and legal fashion and let them go on their way. But in many instances might not the minister do a good deal towards making the marriage a success? Where one knows the contracting

people at all it is a profitable thing to invite them to come to the church some time prior to the wedding, not only to rehearse the ceremony, but to discuss the meaning of marriage and the ways of making it a success. The writer has found that such conferences not only tend towards successful marriages, but that it is an easy matter to lead the young people into church membership. Such frank discussions do much to relieve the nervous tension of the ceremony itself.

Enough has been said to illustrate the principle that pastoral work becomes interesting in proportion as it goes beneath the surface of life. It may be a most perfunctory task; it may also be the greatest opportunity for human helpfulness that any mortal man might ask. Unless one puts his heart into his pastoral work, he is not likely to find the true joy of the ministry. Nothing more enriches a man's life than sharing in the life and experience of others—which is the essence of the pastoral function. Nothing adds more to the vitality and punch of a man's preaching than a real knowledge of the hopes and fears, the successes and failures of the people before him. And nothing will draw the people closer to the minister than the knowledge that he has taken the trouble to understand them and is really concerned for their welfare.



A Border Patrol

Face to Face with Mexico

By REV. ARTHUR METCALF, *El Paso, Texas*

THIS Rio Grande border is a human document and our missionaries here are a border patrol. Here come together two very distinct streams of history and two diverse types of religion. The commingling creates complex missionary need, and as yet the outcome is in the lap of the gods.

The Border People

The hundred and twenty thousand population of the city of El Paso is obviously fifty per cent Mexican—as Mexican as the forty thousand Mexican population of Juarez in Mexico, just across the river. City and valley are bilingual. Mexican or English or both are used in banks and stores and offices. While an obliging clerk waits on you in soft-voiced English, she is apt to carry on in Spanish with a señorita standing by your side. To be *à la mode* in this southwest border land one needs to be a blend of Castile and Chicago. In California all that is left of the language of the *padres* is a negligible section printed in Spanish in the interior of *The Los Angeles Times*, but in El Paso news-

boys sell Spanish newspapers to half the population.

Mexico and Texas strangely mix on this border. But north and south of the Rio Grande they remain significantly different. The all-too-frequent revolutions, which north of the river seem to be little more than *opera bouffe*, in Mexico are grim enough reality. The close of the most recent revolution across the border was marked by intimate photographs of leaders stood up against a bullet-marked wall, a firing squad in the act of taking aim, the officer in command raising his hand as the signal to fire. No; this is not a posed picture. It is grim reality, the price of rebellion in Mexico. Upon occasion it is possible to attend a Sunday bull fight in Juarez. Somehow the bull ring and the bullet-marked wall of execution seem to belong together.

A Part of the Border Patrol

The parish of the Valley Church and Community Center lies in the famous Rio Grande valley southward between El Paso and Ysleta. The

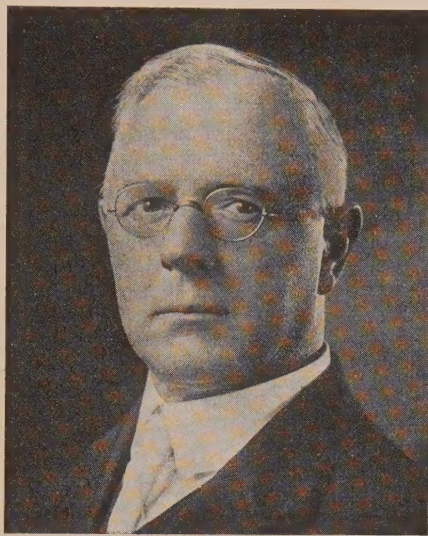
Community Center is eight miles from the center of El Paso and about a quarter of a mile north of the river, located on as fine a paved boulevard as tourists find anywhere. The parish is some eight miles long by three or four wide, which is the width of the valley from the northward bank of the meandering river to the lip of the desert. In some respects it reminds one of the valley of the Nile.

Onto small acreages in this valley has moved a considerable and growing population from the city. In geological times, the valley was the bed of the river. When the river betook itself to its present bed it left the valley sheer desert. Now it has been transformed by irrigation into a garden of Eden. Ranchers raise chickens, garden truck, flowers, alfalfa, grapes and cotton. Our cotton crop nearly doubles the amount per acre produced in the older cotton belts of the South. Cheap Mexican labor makes the crop possible. However, one should be slow to augur assured prosperity for the ranchers. Last year our abundant cotton cost more to raise than it brought on the market. The more cotton he had the worse off was the farmer. Current high prices for cotton will hardly do more than strike an even balance between the two years.

Pioneers of the Faith

Some half dozen years ago a group of people

came together to consider the social and religious needs of the valley. Some of these attended and were members of city churches. They found that although there were many Protestants living in the valley there was no Protestant church. There were several Roman Catholic churches, some of them ancient and strong, all of them interesting and serving a varied population, chiefly Mexican. A threefold organization resulted: a community center, a woman's club and a Congregational church, the church being the incorporated and holding body. By the generous aid of the Home Missionary and Church Building Societies, without which no part of the enterprise would have been possible, a

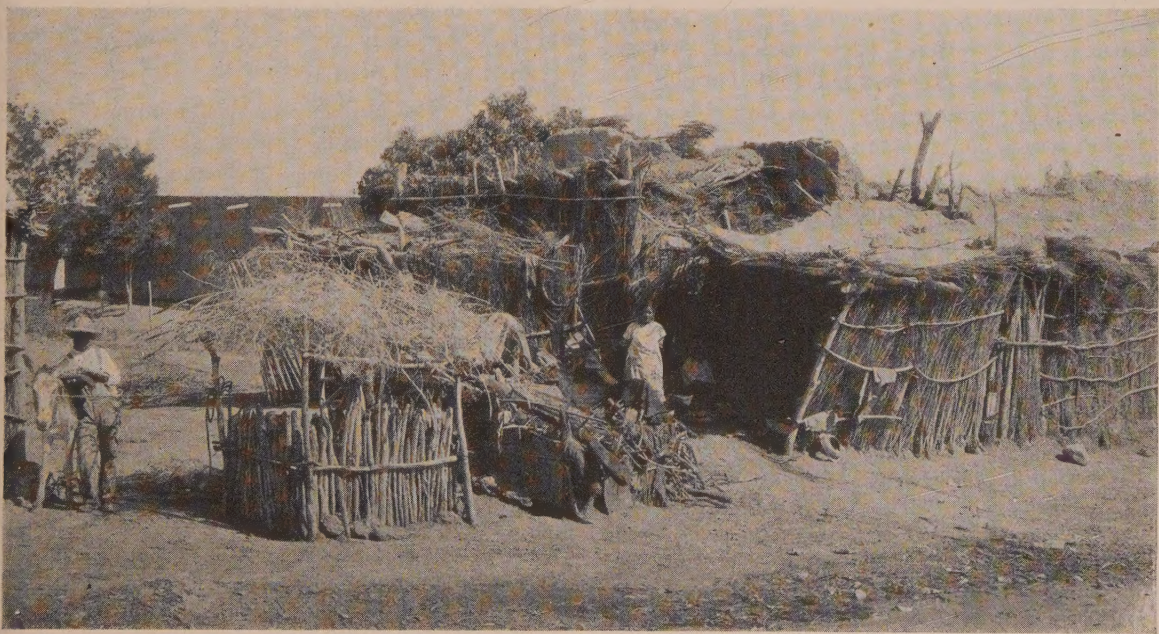


REV. ARTHUR METCALF

\$12,000 building was erected, planned for social life, equipped with one of the best possible kitchens, provided with a stage for dramatics, with place for Sunday School and church. From this building the border patrol carries on.

Handicap and Opportunities

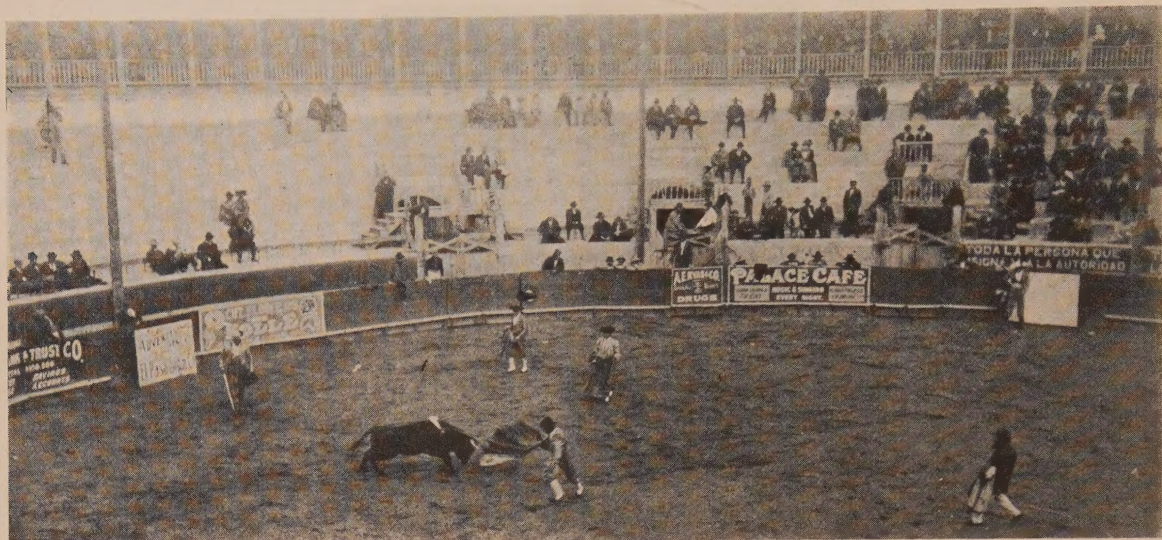
The church membership includes half a dozen Catholics, which is believed to be a distinction shared by no other Protestant church in the world. They remain good Catholics. They carry on with their own church, and they cooperate with the woman's club and community center and have a friendly interest in the work. The minister appre-



A MEXICAN HOUSE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE

ciates their interest and finds them a real asset. The situation is the more interesting owing to the fact that the valley has been burnt over by the

the men were customs officers watching a Mexican who was thought to be bootlegging. It adds zest to life and breaks the monotony of pastoral service.



A BULL FIGHT AT JUAREZ

Ku Klux Klan, and some ardent Catholic-haters are also members of the church. Only a broad-minded ministry and an untrammelled church could function in such a situation. If it can be handled at all, the Congregational fellowship is in the kingdom for such a purpose.

The proximity of very wet Mexico makes this borderland the paradise of bootleggers. The minister recently drove through the brush to a lonesome spot on the bank of the river. No ford was there, but the tracks of wagon wheels disappeared in the water on this side, came up on a sandbar midstream, disappeared again in the water beyond, and finally climbed the bank into Mexico. Only the tracks seemed to have been made in reverse order. Had the minister waited long enough he might have seen bootleggers and smugglers at work. Big crowds come to the center for carnivals, dances, shows and other public social functions, and we have at times been distressed by the hippocket fraternity. To meet the situation the Council voted to post the following notice: "The societies owning and operating this building believe in the Eighteenth Amendment and will do everything in their power to assist the officers in the enforcement of the law."

So far, the notice has not been posted, but knowledge of the vote seems to have quieted the nuisance. The raising of the dry flag half wins the battle. One moonlight night the writer came upon an automobile parked in the shadows at the community center. Three men hugged a dark corner pretty close. Investigation disclosed the fact that

The Health Problem

A pathetic element in the valley drama is the presence of a large number of tuberculosis patients. The high and dry climate and the low rainfall brings these sufferers to us from all parts of the world. If they come early enough many of them win the terrible fight. Many prominent people in the valley were brought in on stretchers. As they put it, they "cheated the undertaker." Now they are holding down men's jobs and look the picture of health and strength. Many come when it is too late, and their passing increases the death rate of the most healthy climate in the world. Congregationalists ought to establish a sanatorium to help take care of our own consumptive people who stream in from all parts of the Union.

The Problem of Assimilation

Of course religious work here is not easy. It will be some time before statistics seem to justify our work in the valley. We try to be light and salt, where light and salt are needed. We carry in our membership our own Lausanne problem. Not only have we Catholics in our membership, but most other denominations are with us, and the reactionary cults are also represented. It is impossible that the many conflicting types of religion should each build and support a church. It becomes our task to gather diverse elements and set them to work in our inclusive organization. Fundamentalists outnumber us greatly. But we are slowly winning our way, and, though trying, the work is worth while. It is no bed of roses but the field affords an opportunity for real and needed service.

The labor is redeemed by the picturesque. This is part of God's great outdoors. The desert is but a mile away and we breathe its healing atmosphere all the time. Our horizons are flanked by the mountains of Mexico and Texas, southern extremities of the Rockies. The skeleton of a mastodon is reported to be buried in a sand pit not far away. The climate is superb. The ripple of the water in the irrigating ditches is music delightful

to the ear. Our paved road is an avenue of over-arching cottonwood trees. So crowded with traffic is this boulevard, eight miles out from El Paso, that we call it the busiest street in the city. When night falls over the valley you can often see the lanterns of Mexican laborers at work irrigating. Softly they call one to another, and so charming is the illusion that one can easily fancy oneself in Egypt or Palestine.

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"Sixty Yesteryears" at Talladega

By HENRY SMITH LEIPER

THE sixtieth birthday of Talladega College was celebrated by a party—and it was a real honest-to-goodness party with candles, cake, and all the trimmings! With originality and sound good sense, the trustees and the college authorities

versity, Chairman of the Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science on the Place of the Sciences in Education; Francis D. Curtis, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Secondary Education in the University of Michigan; Mr.

THE CHAPEL
CHOIR



TALLADEGA
COLLEGE

planned such a celebration of six decades of accomplishment as would not soon be forgotten—more than that, they planned that more than the conventional observances should mark to the friends of the college, old and new, its progress and expansion.

Fourfold Program Planned

First of all they built two new buildings and installed a central heating plant—Silsby Science Hall and Fanning Dining Hall were the buildings.

Second, they planned a historical pageant, "Sixty Yesteryears," by which to make vivid the story of the college.

Third, they asked the music department to arrange for special programs of vocal, orchestral and instrumental music.

Fourth, they arranged for a congress on the teaching of science in Negro colleges.

Then they invited a distinguished company:

Dr. Augustus Field Beard, Honorary and Honored Secretary of the American Missionary Association, Trustee, and incomparable friend of the college; Mrs. and Miss Silsby, wife and daughter of Professor Silsby, who for so many years served the college; Otis W. Caldwell, LL.D., Professor of Education in Teachers' College, Columbia Uni-

Jackson Davis of the General Education Board; Michel O. Dumas, M.D., an ex-president of the National Negro Medical Association, and director of Howard University; St. Elmo Brady, Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry in Fisk University; Leo Favrot, Field Agent of the General Education Board; John Hope, LL.D., President of Morehouse College; Elias P. Lyon, LL.D., Dean of the Medical School of the University of Minnesota; W. T. B. Williams, LL.D., Field Agent of the Jeanes and Slater Funds; Secretary Linton of Teachers' College, Columbia University; Lorande L. Woodruff, Ph.D., Professor of Protozoology in Yale University; Dean Slowe, of Howard University; Miss Jessie Fauset, author of "There is Confusion"; Dr. Clarence H. Wilson, of Glen Ridge, N. J.; Dr. Ozora S. Davis, President of Chicago Theological Seminary and Moderator of the Congregational National Council; Dr. Charles E. Burton, General Secretary of the Congregational National Council of New York; Rev. Richard H. Clapp, of United Church, New Haven; Rev. Oscar E. Maurer, D.D., of Center Church, New Haven, Chairman of the Commission on Missions; and a number of secretaries as well as visitors from the churches in many parts of the country.

A glance at that rather imposing list is sufficient to show that many different points of view are represented; professional, scientific, philanthropic, re-

began in one building—Swayne Hall, which is still in use and which has recently been greatly improved by internal rearrangement.



SILSBY SCIENCE HALL, TALLADEGA COLLEGE

ligious, secretarial, and lay—with gradations and shades of each and blendings of most. And the program was planned to appeal to the varied viewpoints represented.

Fanning Hall Dedicated

This company, augmented by the visiting alumni, pastors of Negro churches in the neighboring states, and Talladega friends in the vicinity, gathered first on Saturday, November 12, for an inspection of the college campus and buildings, and the dedication of Fanning Hall, a splendid, commodious and architecturally pleasing building which will add greatly to the physical comfort of the college body. In the later evening the musical faculty of the college gave a recital, which featured pipe organ, piano, violin and vocal music of a very high order, delightfully presented.

On Sunday morning at the usual college services, the sermon was preached by Dr. Burton, whose visit to Talladega was his first, and who found a warm welcome from old friends and new ones.

Silsby Hall Dedicated

That afternoon the formal exercises of dedication of Silsby Hall took place, with addresses by Dr. Beard, Mr. Jackson Davis, Miss Juliette Derriotte, of the National Board, Y. W. C. A., a graduate and now trustee of the college, and others. Were space not strictly limited, some further accounts of the content of these addresses would be in order. Dr. Beard's eloquence, fire and humor, as well as his modern viewpoint, thrilled and delighted his audience who could not forget that his ninety-four years began more than a *decade* before the American Missionary Association began, and more than a *generation* before Talladega College

In speaking of bygone days Dr. Beard said, "The curriculum of those days was an old-time curriculum, the equipment was an old-time equipment, the theory of education was an old-time theory. But, remember, those were old-time times." How completely he has kept pace with the changing times was evidenced throughout his address as well as in his brilliant contributions to conversation in intimate circles during the days of the Talladega visit.

Tablet Unveiled by Miss Silsby

After the dedicatory services in Silsby Hall, the tablet to the memory of Dr. Silsby, prominently placed in the foyer of the new science building bearing his name, was unveiled by Miss Silsby. The formal statement concerning its erection was made by Mr. George Crawford, prominent lawyer of New Haven, who is an alumnus of the college and also a trustee. In the latter capacity he acted as chairman of the building committee.

Mr. Crawford made allusion to the fact that Silsby Hall, with its splendid modern fireproof construction, which would have cost at least \$300,000 if undertaken in the North, had been made possible within the necessary financial limits of less than half that amount through the skill and economical management of Mr. Joseph J. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher, a graduate of Talladega College, has been in charge of construction work for some years, both there and elsewhere in A. M. A. institutions. For the committee he turned over the building to Dr. Oscar E. Maurer, President of the Board of Trustees, who, in turn, after a short address, presented the keys to President Sumner.

National Council Moderator Addresses Students

The Student Christian Association meeting in the evening was addressed by Dr. Ozora S. Davis, Moderator of the National Council, who told the thrilling story of his boyhood days in Northern New England where his father operated one of the last stations on the "underground railroad." He paid a richly deserved tribute to President Sumner, his lifelong friend, to whose quiet but tireless efforts a very large part of the success of the college in recent years has been due.

The Amen Corner

An interesting interlude, not on the program,

took place late Sunday evening when Dr. Burton, Secretaries Brownlee and White, together with the writer, went to a meeting of a nearby colored Baptist church. The long-suffering congregation was treated to a sermon by the pastor, then to an address by each of the Northern visitors, who succeeded in eliciting a few hearty Amens and Hallelujahs from the congregation.

Conference on Science Teaching

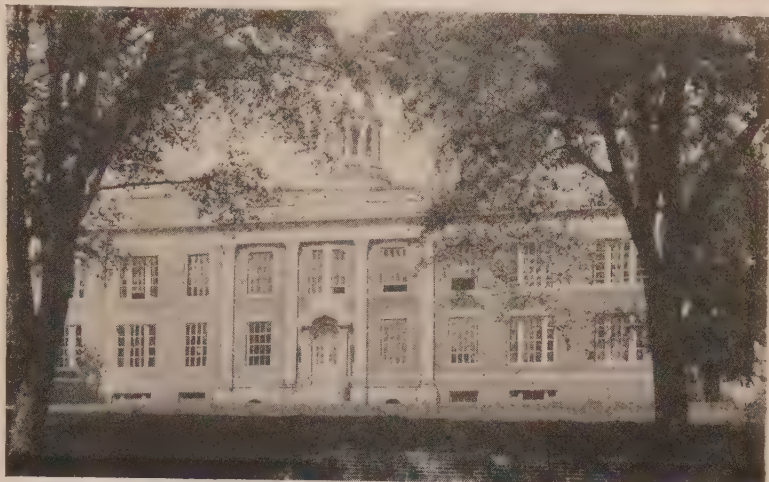
On Monday morning, while the college went about its usual work, the visitors attended the opening session of the science conference. An idea of its scope can best be gotten from a glance at the program which was as follows:

1. Introductory Address: "The Sciences and Modern Life," Mr. Fred L. Brownlee.
2. "The Facilities for Teaching the Sciences in Negro Colleges," Dr. William T. B. Williams.
3. "The Curricula Problems in the Teaching of the Sciences," Dr. Otis W. Caldwell. Discussion led by President John Hope.
4. "The Sciences and Pre-Professional Courses," Dr. Elias P. Lyon. Discussion led by Dr. Michel O. Dumas.
5. "Biology and Human Welfare," Dr. Lorande L. Woodruff. Discussion led by Professor Leon P. O'Hara.
6. "The Art of Teaching the Sciences," Dr. Francis D. Curtis. Discussion led by Dr. St. Elmo Brady.

The conference served admirably to show the new place that science takes in education among Negroes who, it ought to be said, have shown a peculiar adaptability for scientific work. A number of individuals of great scientific genius have been discovered; for example, Professor Thomas Carver, the world-renowned expert in agricultural chemistry.

The Northern educators present at the sessions of this conference, which ran from the morning through the afternoon, expressed themselves as highly pleased with its results; particularly with the way in which it evidenced the quality of scientific teaching in Negro institutions of higher learning. To those who knew the history of Talladega there was a peculiar fitness in this science conference because of the fact that the inventor of many of the most important modern electrical devices, among them one that made the radio possible, Dr. Lee DeForest, is a son of the former

president of the college, was himself born in Talladega, and began his education there in that institution, being one of its very few white students.



SILSBY SCIENCE HALL, TALLADEGA COLLEGE

Brilliant Historical Pageant Given

The crowning event, from an artistic and dramatic point of view, came on Monday evening with the presentation of the pageant, "Sixty Yester-years." Long before the hour of opening, the campus around the chapel was crowded with the prospective audience and an evident flurry of excitement took hold of the student body, many of whom were members of the large cast.

Also Significant Gifts

When the hum of excitement in DeForest chapel had somewhat died down in anticipation of the rise of the curtain, Professor Carter, one of the visiting alumni, rose and with a brief introductory word made the presentation of a beautiful loving-cup to Miss Clara M. Standish, of Segregansett, Massachusetts, a direct descendant of Miles Standish, who for seventeen years has been a teacher of chemistry at Talladega. The cup was secured for her by the students who have specialized in the work of her department. Following this presentation came a most delightful surprise in the presentation to President and Mrs. Sumner of a beautiful bouquet of roses by Dr. Maurer who accompanied the gift with a short statement of what Dr. Sumner's service has meant to the college in the years since he left a Northern pastorate in New England to assume the presidential office.

As the evening advanced, it became clear that the most rosy expectations were to be far exceeded by what took place. The pageant had been written by Professor L. Emmett Drewry, principal of the preparatory department of the college, who also acted as stage manager. Having specialized in the art of pageant writing at Columbia Univer-

sity, Professor Drewry is well equipped to undertake the work which proved him not only skillful but really a genius in the difficult task of visualizing history. What he had to do was to show the progress, through six decades, of a college which began as an elementary school with one building, four teachers and one hundred and forty pupils, and is today an institution with thirty-five fine buildings, sixty-one teachers and officers, more than six hundred students, and a total equipment with a minimum value of more than a million dollars. He succeeded in doing it so well that those who saw the pageant felt as if they had come into personal contact with the devoted leaders who began the task in its most difficult years and with historic scenes which have characterized the development of the college.

With the exception of the songs and spirituals throughout

the pageant the only spoken part was taken by Clarence Sharpe, who impersonated Progress; indeed, he typified progress in his own personality. He is a brilliant student, editor of last year's college annual, and a lover of history. Something of the poetic quality of Talladega's past was infused into his presentation of the numerous passages of blank verse which composed the prologue, the episodes, and the epilogue. The character of the lines may be surmised from those which preceded the appearance on the stage of "Talladega's Personalities of the Past":

"We next present true lovers of their fellow-men,
Who wrought upon this hill the things you see and know.
These be but few of a long, long line of those who
labored here,
And for whom henceforth is reserved a crown,
As for those who serve the Christ
By ministry to the humblest of his children.

THE losses inflicted on our brethren in Vermont by the flood have occasioned universal sympathy. But they are plucky. *The Vermont Missionary* for

"God made man to be immortal,
In ten thousand ways is such truth confirmed to this
believing world.
But in this, too, is proof of immortality:
That a man will live forever in the hearts of his friends."

The orchestra and the orchestral score represented the able work of Professor Dubose, head of the music department. The writer happens to be a rather lukewarm enthusiast on the subject of school and college orchestras, which quite naturally fall considerably under the standards of the

divine art of orchestra music. He went there expecting to suffer, but he was very agreeably surprised at the success with which the student orchestra handled most of the music which accompanied the pageant. At times their playing rose to levels of real distinction and, throughout, the performance was one of which any college orchestra,



"HOME WORK," OLD STYLE

anywhere, might be proud. The chorus singing on the stage was remarkable.

When the last note of the last solo, sung by little Miss Bridgeforth, had died away, the audience made an enthusiastic expression of its verdict on the program of the evening. Professors from Northern universities turned to their neighbors with remarks like the one I heard from Secretary Clarence Linton of Teachers' College: "That production would have been a credit to any university in America." The same statement would apply to the whole week-end in every detail. And if, after another sixty years, Talladega can celebrate a growth so significant as that which has characterized its first six decades, the story will be one that a Booth Tarkington might covet the chance to write. To do it, he will need to begin studying the Talladega of 1928.

December contains this heading: "The Vermont Congregational Conference confronts new problems hopefully."

The Road Painter

By COLETTA RYAN

Miss Ryan is a distinguished woman of letters and a frequent contributor of both verse and prose to the foremost American magazines. Our readers will appreciate this exquisite poem which is her gracious gift to our own publication.

A PAINTER of life's mystic roads
Upon the hilltop stood.
He knew the tint of soft hayloads
The brown tones of the wood.

The silver of the stream knew he,
The sloping meadowland,
The outline of the winter tree—
The sunlight on the sand.

He lived to paint each gift that grew upon earth's
noble breast,
And yet the praise of winding ways of all he loved
the best.

How sweet in springtime down the lane,
Lapped by a sparkling stream,
To follow far through fragrant plain
The gold dust of a dream.

By sullen marsh and scented field,
By mere and tree-fringed pond,
The road, by willows oft concealed,
Stretched noiselessly beyond.

It promised peace above all woes,
And gently turned to blend
With slopes so quietly that rose
They chanced on heaven—a friend.

In silent mystery it ran,
A ribbon born to lead
The soul's white gleaming caravan
Of men and women freed.

It lured and called him . . . Day by day,
Brave travelers went and came,
And little bridges marked the way
To his immortal fame.

He painted roads . . . and yet at eve,
When all the world grew dim,
The weary artist oft would grieve—
No path arose for him.

Both high and low looked he and long
Where shadowy forms would creep,
(The bird companioned him in song,
The rose awakened from sleep).

Both high and low searched he—the night
Draped in a black despair,
Till tangled in the morning light
He found his roadway there.

He found it near some woodland shrine—a fervent
flame that glowed,
To shelter souls who sought the Seer—Again he
found the road.
It often wound through misty vales, between the
song-swept hills,
And underneath the pointing stars it soared above
earth's ills.

Through rain and snow, by trembling vines, beyond
all woe and care,
It ran its gallant way along and vanished in the air.
Full well he knew the cypress, as it sobbed against
the sky,
The end of his enchanted road could never be. The
sigh
Of winds that brush the pine tree gently died upon
the knoll,
But on and on serenely wound the pathway of the
soul.

On, on, above beyond the shriek
Of tempest, through the storm,
Afar from countries bare and bleak,
To sunlight bright and warm.

Amid morn's tender calm, with news
Triumphant over death,
The road he could not, would not lose,
Led home to Nazareth.

A painter of life's mystic roads
Upon the hilltop stood.
He knew the tint of soft hayloads,
The brown tones of the wood—

The silver of the stream knew he,
The sloping meadowland,
The outline of the winter tree—
The sunlight on the sand.

He painted every gift that grew upon earth's noble
breast,
Until one day his favorite way lured him at last to
rest.

A Montana Larger Parish

Parochial Work for Present-Day Pioneers

By REV. AVERY D. WEAGE, *Broadus, Montana*

WHEN my wife and I entered the Congregational work in Powder River Parish, Southeastern Montana, our friends were inclined either to warn us or console us. We came from the far West—Oregon and Washington—but the real West, the West of Pioneer condition, was found some fifteen hundred miles east of the western West, near Southeastern Montana. Our friends had some reason for misgivings, for Powder River County contains not a railway tie nor a foot of paved highway. Broadus, its largest town, has a population of but one hundred and sixty, and the nearest railway point, Miles City, is eighty-five miles away. Then, too, the longest mail route in the United States extends from Broadus to Arvada, Wyoming. It is a stage route. People on these routes get their letters in sacks which are attached to dangling ropes by snap clothespins.

Fine Folks and a Land of Beauty

But our friends' misgivings have proven groundless. We have never spent a pleasanter summer than this. In the course of three months we visited about two hundred and fifty families and taught nine Vacation Church Schools. We find here a very fine people. Many of the drones and the incompetents, with others, have been driven out by the recent hard seasons, while the more intelligent and industrious remain.

Before we came to Powder River Valley we expected it to be flat and desert-like, but we found on either side of the river rolling hills capped with pine trees, while along the bottoms cottonwoods grow luxuriantly. In point of religious privileges the existing conditions in Powder River County are deplorable. For a widely scattered population of five thousand there are but two workers. Both of these are Congregationalists,

for by agreement among the leading Protestant denominations of Montana, this county has been allotted to us. Many of the families, though raised in religious traditions, have long lived so far away from church or Sunday School that they have almost forgotten what these are like.

Six Months' Work in Six Days

To help remedy this situation, Vacation Church Schools have been established, which give intensively in a single week what the Sunday School covers in about six months. Most of the children in these Vacation Church Schools this summer, have never attended a Sunday School. One little girl, an unusually intelligent and attractive child of eleven, had never heard the Lord's Prayer before Mrs. Weage

taught it. Such service brings its own reward.

Powder River Parish has had ten Vacation Church Schools this summer. These schools are held at various one-room schoolhouses, for the period of a week. Our schools varied in size from five to forty-five pupils, and in some of the schools, this week of intensive work is the only religious instruction that these children will receive during the year. At the end of each Church School, we held a Vacation Church School picnic and program, with special numbers by the children, and preaching services. The biggest picnic was held in Broadus. At this, the Broadus school children produced a pageant, "Neighbors." In the morning, church services and an exhibit of the work of the school were held in the new church building of the Broadus Community Church. In the afternoon, in a grove near Broadus, everyone enjoyed the picnic dinner, the pageant, relay races, and a vesper service, which concluded the ceremonies of the day. The children in the Broadus school had never before heard of a vesper service, and did not have



POWDER RIVER VALLEY

the remotest idea of the meaning of the word.

It's a Long Way to the School House

The people gain their living by farming. There are still cattle ranches in the parish, but these are



A VACATION CHURCH SCHOOL

nearly gone. Sheep, however, are on the increase; so are dairy cows. The country is in a period of transition from the pioneering to the agricultural state of development. Many of the folks in this valley are college graduates, a few of them have fine libraries. But this fact has not solved the educational problem. Some of the farmers move into town with their families during the winter, in order that their children may go to school. But in one case, children ten and eleven years of age had, this last year, their first schooling, which lasted for a period of six months. Long distances and bad roads are our great obstacles. These are becoming less acute as more farmers move into the country. One family lived five miles from the nearest school building, over a bad road and across a river crossing. The family tried several times to send the children to school with the result that after a few days of such going, the children would become sick. Then they gave up for awhile. Most of the parents in this country are so poor that they cannot afford to send their children away to school, even a short distance. Thus many bright and worthy children miss the opportunity to go to high school and college.

One little lad was delighted to come with me to Broadus as a gate-opener. He said that Broadus seemed to him a city. It was the largest place he had ever seen. Between his home and Broadus, a distance of about thirty-five miles, were twenty-six gates. These are made of barbed wire stretched tight to prevent stock getting through. It takes considerable strength to open and close them.

The gates, however, are the least of the drawbacks of the roads in this country. On one road over which I traveled, people said, "Oh, yes, you can get through. Someone has been over that road within the past two weeks." The road wound

up through a creek-bottom and then over a ridge which was just wide enough for the roadbed. At places, all signs of tracks disappeared. Over that road, I was the better part of a day covering a distance of five miles. My Ford car had to be hauled out of the mud twice.

Real Religion in Demand

Denominations are not emphasized in this country. The people, of every shade of religious belief and opinion, are glad to encourage any religious activity which is Christian in spirit. In spite of the lack of religious facilities, there is a great deal of real religion in Powder River Parish. Religion is an essential part of life where distances are great and living conditions hard. The spirit of the good neighbor is the finest expression of Montana religion. As one old man said to me: "So long as I have a house to stay in and a bed to sleep in, no traveler shall be turned away from my house tired or hungry."

The most inspiring thing about the work is the promise for the future. The country is rapidly developing a stable agricultural population. Roads are constantly being improved, and with the automobile, the great distances which have been the chief drawback to development are being cut down. A new church building, entirely free of debt, has been completed by the people in and around Broadus this summer. People throughout the parish are friendly to our church program and only need to be touched with the fire of Christian enthusiasm, with a realization of their responsibility to the work of the church, to support a permanent work here.

What shall be the future of the Powder River



SOME MONTANA YOUNG PEOPLE

Parish? The answer to this question is not simple. It depends, in part, on the workers in the field. If those workers carry on a comprehensive and unified program, with sufficient vision and skill, a pro-

gram built not for a day or a year, but for all time—they will have contributed their ample share to the future of the parish. But to carry out this program, they must have the cooperation of the people in the parish. The extent to which they are able to secure this cooperation in the future, will depend in part on crop conditions and other uncertain elements. The future promises well, both in farming and mining, but many factors may accelerate or retard that promise. Finally, to work out their program, the religious workers of Powder River County will have to have the cooperation of people in other parts of the country. The parish here is now in a transition stage, when the work or lack of it, will, in all probability, determine whether or not this corner of America is to be won for Christ. A vigorous work now will be well received, for people are alive to the need for religious work. The time is ripe for a missionary effort, which would have permanent effect, as the

community becomes older and more densely populated. But in a few years, the present transition stage will have passed, the community will have become a settled and rather conservative farming community. Then the fruits of the present missionary effort will ripen into a permanent, self-supporting work; but it will be impossible at that time to make up for work neglected now, for the life and traditions of this country will have become solidly established and resistant to further change. It is hard to visualize these social concepts and forces which make for the building up or the tearing down of a community, but it is not hard to visualize the people who make up the human material within a community. Montana people are among the finest in the world, and, I am sure, will prove worthy of the confidence you place in them when you help them make a Montana of tomorrow which is a fit place in which to live.



Our Congregational Chaplains

It is Our Privilege to Support These Men by Prayers and Gifts for Their Work

A CHAPLAIN'S duties are many and varied. First of all, he is responsible for the regular religious services held at every Army post and for carrying out the routine duties of his office. He makes the welfare of the enlisted men his care as far as possible. He visits the soldiers in the hospital and guard house, encourages correspondence with home folks, something frequently neglected or entirely given up, writing many letters himself. He is called upon also to help solve the most difficult problems of an Army post: recreation and amusement.

There are nine Congregational chaplains in the United States Army, a number in excess of the normal denominational quota. Their salaries are paid by the Government, but that they may have some financial assistance in helping to meet special needs of the enlisted personnel, the Church Extension Boards make a grant of certain sums to be expended as the need may suggest. In some posts it is used to provide music for the services; in others, to furnish good motion picture entertainment; in almost all a certain amount is spent on writing materials and postage stamps and to enable soldiers in hospitals to have certain comforts which otherwise would be lacking; it helps

furnish magazines, papers and other literature; and in some instances chaplains have applied it to helping families at the posts over financial difficulties.

The Christian home and the Christian community are the foundations upon which our Christian civilization rests. Our Army chaplains are doing their best to keep Christian ideals before the men who have left their homes to serve in the various Army posts and to sustain their faith in an atmosphere where it may easily be submerged. They are making the aid received count for a great deal in the various posts they serve.



COLONEL J. T. AXTON

Colonel John T. Axton, Chief of Chaplains in the United States Army, was the first man to be appointed to this post. Colonel Axton, as we state in another column, is about to retire from active duty. His headquarters are at Washington, D. C. Among his duties are the selection of the chaplain personnel, their instruction, the stimulation of religious workers in the Army by conferences and bulletins of information and their distribution over various posts. Colonel Axton had for many years the distinction of being the only Congregational chaplain in the Army. The increase in their number undoubtedly is due to the keener interest the church is taking in the religious

side of the soldier's life at the present time.

Captain John T. Axton, Jr., is stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia. It is to be noted that church attendance at this post is increasing under Captain Axton's supervision, the Sunday School is becoming a school of real religious education, and the enlisted men feel that their chaplain is their friend. Captain Axton numbers among his responsibilities the military funerals at the National Cemetery at

Arlington, Virginia. Sometimes he conducts four or five such interments in a single day. Weddings and baptisms average one each month. This is the only instance where father and son have served contemporaneously as Army chaplains.

Captain William A. Aiken, who saw active service during the World War, is located at Madison Barracks, New York, a somewhat isolated post, in spite of the fact that it is in the most populous state in the Union. Captain Aiken, in addition to his routine duties, is placing special emphasis upon the recreational and social side of military life. He has found that the use of motion pictures of a fine type attracts and interests many of the men and he is using this form of entertainment as often as possible.

Captain Maurice W. Reynolds has charge of the religious and social work at Fort Amador, in the Canal Zone. A large number of soldiers are stationed at this post, and calls to visit the sick and the men in the guard house are very numerous. He receives hundreds of office calls weekly, the men coming to him for consultation and advice. A plan, recently adopted, of sending a letter to the homes of all recruits who arrive at the fort, has been carried out by the chaplain. This gives the

home folks information about the post, the quarters, and incidents connected with the daily life of the soldiers, and has proved a valuable and

helpful service to the men and their families.

Captain Mylon D. Merchant is at present on duty at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. He serves as editor of the post paper, during the summer months; oversees the library and recreation room; and is in touch with the Red Cross, which does much for the men when their families need assistance or they are called home because of sickness. He never fails to do for the men such errands as add to their comfort and continued peace of mind.

Captain Samuel B. Knowles is stationed at Fort Slocum, New York Harbor, a recruiting station where approximately fifty men arrive daily. They are sent to the chaplain for instruction immediately after receiving their uniforms. Many decisions for Christ are reported from this post. Two transports a month sail from New York and many of the men from Fort Slocum who go to Panama, Hawaii or the Philippines carry with them the ideal that "right makes might," due to the instruction of Captain Knowles.

Captain C. R. Watkins serves the military parish at Fort Eustis, Virginia. There are a number of married officers and soldiers at this post and Captain Watkins keeps in constant touch with all who belong to Protestant denominations. The usual church services are held. One important part of the work is to get the men to attend church and the problem has been solved in a measure by the formation of the Go-To-Church Band. Attention is also given to social activities and to men in the hospital and guard house.

Captain Earl H. Weed is chaplain at the important Army post, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming. A number of unusual opportunities for service come to him. One has been the idea of providing hot coffee at the late hours on which the guard changes during the severe weather, and another is called



CAPTAIN J. T. AXTON, Jr.



CAPTAIN M. D. MERCHANT



CAPTAIN W. A. AIKEN



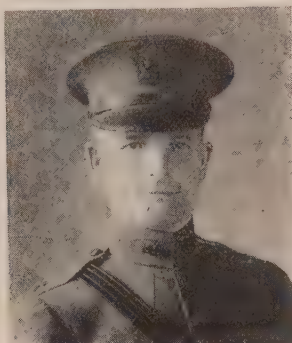
CAPTAIN M. W. REYNOLDS



CAPTAIN S. B. KNOWLES

"The Open House Night," when the soldiers visit the chaplain and enjoy at least one evening of home life a week, the life army men miss most.

A tabulation of a chaplain's services would show a surprising helpfulness and also surprising results. One hundred and thirty-three members re-



CAPTAIN C. R. WATKINS



CAPTAIN E. H. WEED



MAJOR S. R. WOOD

Major Stephen R. Wood, stationed at Langley Field, Virginia, is a Red Cross official, a member of the city committee on boys' work for Hampton, and serves on the Boy Scout council of the county in which the Army post is located. Many social features enter into his work and he is especially active in interesting the men in enrolling in the post school and taking advantage of the educational facilities it affords.

Captain Nathaniel A. Jones, stationed at Fort Jefferson, Missouri, is a very recent addition to the list of Congregational chaplains, so recent that as yet no account of any special services he may render is available for publication.

ceived on confession during a period of four months must mean expenditure of time and effort by the chaplain. He must have the wisdom and understanding to advise the men concerning difficulties back home, Army troubles, wives who have been deserted, financial straits which have come about because of indifference and neglect. Then there are the children to whom his services mean a great deal.

And so while work among soldiers is hard to make statistical and concrete, it is most satisfactory. The many personal conversations, letters of encouragement, addresses, visits and sermons, all count in the making of manhood.



PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIAL TO COLONEL JOHN T. AXTON BY THE RESERVE CORPS CHAPLAINS

The Retirement of Colonel John T. Axton

THE retirement of Colonel John T. Axton, Chief of Chaplains of the Army, has been ordered by Secretary of War Davis, on the ground of physical incapacity for further active duty. Secretary Davis writes:

"In relinquishing your office, you may well point with pride to your accomplishments, and to the high sense of duty you have uniformly maintained throughout your career of over twenty-five years' service."

The picture on the preceding page shows the group which recently presented to Colonel Axton a testimonial of appreciation of his wonderful service of twenty-five years in behalf of the young men of the Army.

The presentation was made by Major Charles S. Macfarland, Chaplain Reserve, in the name of the Reserve Chaplains of the Army, and reads as follows:

To John Thomas Axton:

As Chaplains of the Reserve Corps we extend to you, on the occasion of your twenty-fifth anniversary of service with the Army, an expression of our loyalty and friendship and of our deep appreciation for all that God has enabled you to do for our nation, for the men of our Army and for your fellow Chaplains, a service which you have ever rendered with unselfishness and consideration for your associates.

Washington, D. C., July 25, 1927.



The Christmas Fund Comes in Again

CHRISTMAS begins early in the office of the Ministerial Boards. The mailing list of nearly fifty thousand names is checked up and envelopes are addressed in the summer months when work is light. By the middle of November Santa Claus is in possession of the office and things move at the pace one sees the week before Christmas in a department store. The whole force catches the spirit and increases both speed and hours.

Givers plan ahead for the Christmas Fund. Hosts look forward to this gift as a main part of their Christmas joy. Eleven hundred dollars came before the appeal went out. A former giver, now out of work, wrote, "What am I going to do about the Christmas Fund? There were tears streaming down my face when I read in THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY of the doctor of divinity behind the counter selling butter and eggs. I have thought of giving up music and theatre to which my family have invited me and of going without Thanksgiving dinner. Somehow I have got to get a few dollars in hand for the Fund."

Gifts in memory of loved ones. Checks come from members of families who want to continue the part which parents, brothers or sisters had in past Christmas Funds. One writes, "You have addressed your letter each year to my father, who has passed away, but I am trying to keep up his good works, and enclose a check for twenty-five dollars." Another check came, "In memory of my dear husband."

All ages help. A Sunday School teacher sent a

check, "Which has been earned by the twelve-year-old girls in my class, selling chocolate bars. It is their White Gift for Christmas for the Veterans of the Cross and Children of the Manse. They want to send with the check some cards and handkerchiefs, which will make their gift a little more personal."

Disaster cannot curtail gifts to worn-out ministers. One to whom the Vermont floods brought great losses, wrote, "I am enclosing my check for seventy-five dollars, the same amount as I gave last year for this cause. We have had a great disaster here and all of us have suffered severe losses. But I feel that I cannot curtail my help for our ministers who have worn themselves out in helping others and during their whole lives have been hard pressed for means to do the things that they would have liked to do. I stand by until I am nearer their condition than I am now." One says, "Many calls have this year overdrawn my benevolent account nearly \$200, but I am enclosing the 'Widower's Mite' of \$5 which will help a little." Another says, "It would have to be a mighty bony Christmas to head me off from this labor of love." In response to a letter of thanks for help under circumstances like these, a giver wrote, "I feel that no one is entitled to very much commendation for getting into the collar when the load is heavy and perhaps the off horse is not doing quite what he should do."

Many gifts not large in money are richest in the feeling they voice. A minister and his wife, burdened by sickness and bereavement say, "Please

accept this trifle toward the Christmas Fund. 'We enjoyed remembering this work when we saw better days. This mite carries with it big and best wishes to all your great family.' A woman writes from her bed, 'I have been flat on my back for four months, have a nurse day and night, and can give only a dollar. I should like to do more, but I can't, yet I want to do something, if only a little.'

A gift of Thanksgiving. "My wife and I have been spared to pass our eighty-seventh birthday and send our check to the Christmas Fund with thanks to our Heavenly Father and the wish of a pleasant Christmas to the aged ministers."

In gratitude for being ministers' children. "The chance to make this little gift and help bring a bit of comfort to some 'Veteran of the Cross' is a real joy. My blessed father was one of them and I know something of the sacrifices that come to a home missionary." One who has been a lifelong leader in the women's work of our church, writes: "I am glad to be able to send a check for such a righteous cause—I wish it were more. Being a minister's daughter myself, I always think with gratitude of those stalwart qualities that were a part of the simple family life and limited salary of my father, whose sons made so 'good'—each in his own way—in the world, that I can now give instead of receiving, as I might have had to do. This amount is wholly inadequate to express my

appreciation of the privileges of being born in a Congregational minister's family—where the salary was never beyond \$800 and the parsonage."

The Emergency Fund. On December 10, the balance in the Christmas Emergency Fund was \$383, with the needs of three weeks still to be met. All through the year this Fund has gone out in checks which, though often small, have brought relief like that voiced in the following letter from a minister, with an invalid daughter, who is just coming to the end of working days: "Those only who have passed through the heart-breaking experience of facing conditions—steadily growing more acute—which make the present unbearable and the future hopeless can realize the unspeakable relief brought by your letter, with its fraternal assurance of understanding and its provision for lightening most pressing financial burdens. If every \$100 check leaving your office represents even a tithe of the monetary, mental and spiritual value which this one brought to me, it is your privilege to be the distributor of riches immeasurable."

Results. Gifts total, as this magazine goes to press, \$63,211 and bring assurance of continuing through 1928 this indispensable work of the Christmas Emergency Fund, as well as making Christmas a glad day for the Veterans. It sometimes seems hard to tell whether givers or receivers find most joy in the Christmas Fund.



A Crack in the Door

Tells of the New Spirit in the New South

By GEORGE LUTHER CADY

IT was a closed door for so many years. At Talladega a marvelous pageant was given, to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of that college, entitled "Sixty Yesteryears," and written by Professor Drewry of Talladega. A member of the faculty of Columbia University declared it "worthy of any college in the country." It was rich with the pictures of the change which has come over the Negro race since they emerged from slavery. But there is another side to the picture which was not shown and which may be even more significant. The fruitage of these years may be as significant in what the American Missionary Association has accomplished among the white people of the South as among the Negroes.

Those who went South to teach the Negro did not expect recognition by the white people there. They received only social ostracism and during these sixty years there was hardly a friendly gesture.

This is not remembered in complaint or censure; it may be said to have been inherent in the situation which followed the events of the Civil War. It is merely noted in contrast.

We have now lived long enough to see many friendly advances made by the South to the work and workers of the Association. We note just a few. Bishop Bratton of the Episcopal Church of Mississippi is now the chairman of the Board of Trustees of Tougaloo—a Congregational Negro college. At the dedication of the Science Building there, a year ago, and at a recent dedication of the Dickey Memorial Hospital, representatives of the state Departments of Education and Health paid glowing tributes to the work of the college.

If you were to sit down with Dr. Alexander of the Inter-Racial Commission or any of his helpers, you would be gratified with the abounding praise which they give to the Association for its contribu-

tion to their work through the strong men and women who have gone forth from our institutions and made a marked contribution to better race relations in the South.

And then there is Burrell Normal School in Florence, Alabama, for which the local school Board has for some years made a contribution of \$3,000. And when our Principal White thanked them, they replied: "No thanks are due us; for you have been carrying the burden during half a century, which we ourselves should have assumed long ago."

Athens Discovers Trinity

Fifty miles from Florence is Athens, Alabama, where Trinity Normal is built inside the ramparts of the old fort thrown up by the Federal forces in their march south and to the sea. This school has been quietly carrying on without noise or tumult for sixty-two years, unrecognized by the South or even by the people of Athens. For eighteen years the school has been conducted by Miss Louise H. Allyn of New London, Connecticut, one of the wisest and most winsome of the teachers in the A. M. A. Recently, Athens awoke to the discovery that one of its greatest social and religious assets is this Trinity. "The fact that we have here about the best class of Negro citizens in the South is due entirely to Trinity," said the mayor. A program was on for increasing the high school building, for which the A. M. A. agreed to furnish \$20,000 if Athens would raise \$7,000. Mayor Sarver headed the campaign and was assisted by the leading business men of the city, both white and black, and both working together in perfect harmony and respect. They passed the required mark and were continuing for one or two thousand more to cover any possible shrinkage. Recently a company of officials and then later a company of ladies from Connecticut visited Athens, just to know at first hand this school of Negroes. The mayor arranged to stop the "Pan-American," the crack train of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and was himself at the train with others to welcome these Northern guests. Members of the party were piloted about the city and introduced to the leading business men; and everywhere they heard sung the praises of this Negro school and its principal. One of the most active in the campaign was Mrs. McCoy, who is president of Athens College for white girls, under

the auspices of the Southern Methodist church. She is a real daughter of the South and on her wall hangs a picture of the old slaves of her father's household. She gave a luncheon in her own home to the mayor, a leading business man, two of the Protestant clergy, Miss Allyn and two of the members of the visiting party. We sat about the table and frankly discussed the great race problem. They said, "Trinity must go on. We cannot do without it. Our backward school system is now demanding teachers. We must look to Trinity for them. You have borne the burden alone too long. We have come to help you."



MISS LOUISE H. ALLYN

A party of eight, with one exception composed of officials of the A. M. A., visited Brick Junior College in North Carolina. Three miles from Brick is the small but growing city of Enfield, with a fine group of young business men who have organized the Kiwanis Club. Of course there have been business connections in the past, for the bank and stores have been acquainted with the school—the dollar has a way of leaping over barriers that are fairly tight where there is "no thoroughfare" for the humanities. Never before has there been a gesture of social recognition for any who came South in the interest of this school. However, on our arrival we received a very cordial invitation to be the guests of the club at their weekly dinner in the Masonic Hall. Possibly fifty men, all Southerners, and four women and four men from the North—visiting a Negro school and definitely committed as officials to Negro education—sat down together. I was asked to speak and it was positively decided by my fellow travelers that whatever I talked about, it should not be the race problem. But an address of welcome was given by a lawyer who was a candidate for Attorney-General for the state. He immediately talked about the race problem and nothing else. He was, to us, a complete surprise, for he spoke in the most cordial terms of our work at Brick and of Negro education in general and then launched out on the most progressive program for justice and equal rights before the law and in education, and so forth, for the Negroes of the state. There was nothing left for me to do but talk on the race problem and tell them what the A. M. A. had been and is doing and what, during all these years, we have

purposed in the education of the Negro. The fears of "pulling a bone" by speaking on the race question seem to have been groundless, for a letter from Principal Holloway—who, of course, was not invited—says: "It has been remarkable that so many of the white citizens have gone out of their way to tell me how pleased they were by such a visit and especially how much more they now know about what we are trying to do than they did before. Another remarkable incident occurred. I wrote a letter to the Kiwanis Club to be read at the meeting following your visit, expressing appreciation, and so forth. That letter was read at the state Kiwanis Convention in Durham."

The door does not swing wide open yet, but it is

ajar and there is a significant and joyous crack through which promising light is shining.

In the Christmas number of *Life* the editor, Mr. E. S. Martin, discusses the somewhat cynical attitude on the part of many people concerning the advent of Christianity. Many have raised the question as to whether it was an unmixed good and are asking today just what its peculiar message is to the world. Mr. Martin replies: "Its basic principle is Love, Good Will to Men and Peace on Earth, and in that lay its novelty. Not yet is Christmas submerged in materialism; still it survives as a sign of the open door and there are many who feel that day by day, in spite of wars and greed of men, the door is opening wider."



Congregational House, Evanston, Illinois

By ROBERT W. GAMMON, D.D., *Associate Secretary, Congregational Educational Society*

CHURCH building committees, especially those of New England and the North Atlantic Coast, have not been accustomed to look to the Middle West for examples of Colonial church buildings. It has, therefore, been a unique experience for First Church, Evanston, Illinois, to receive visits from the building committees of three New England churches in the month since First Church was dedicated.

The Evanston Church is described by the architect as "late middle Colonial" in style, showing the influence of the Georgian in its mass. The slate floors, paneled vestibule, plaster interior arches, columns and clear windows are typical of the New England Colonial churches.

The parish building, which is known as Congregational House, was dedicated at the same time as the church. It is also Colonial in style, with a grace and beauty equal to those of the church itself. It is the result of a very careful study of buildings of this sort and also of the particular needs of the parish to which it is to minister.

It is a U-shaped structure with a court to the rear. A one-story kitchen connects the two wings. The building was planned on the theory that noise stays down, so that all the recreational rooms and no educational rooms are on the ground floor. This floor includes Plymouth Hall, a large recreational room with a stage, dining rooms, kitchen, club rooms, showers and lockers with adjacent storerooms. Entrance from the outside is direct, so that no one need enter the rest of the building to reach the recreation rooms.

The first floor includes the pastor's study, the

secretary's office, the Church School library, a balcony which looks down into the recreation room, a reception room, a woman's parlor, kindergarten room, sewing room and a kitchenette. The kitchen is roofed over with stone and a door from the kindergarten opens upon the roof, which furnishes a playground for the children. The second floor is entirely educational, with the primary over the kindergarten and the junior department housed in the same wing. Both the primary and junior departments have assembly and class rooms.

The north wing houses the high school and college departments, both of which have separate assembly and class rooms. The office of the director of religious education is located between these two wings. All class rooms are furnished with blackboards and student chairs. Each floor has drinking fountains, kitchenettes and ample storerooms. Two large class rooms on the second floor are used for dressing rooms for the dramatic club and a costume room has been provided adjoining. These are connected by direct stairway with the stage.

Large use has been made of the fine arts in this building. A statue of "Her Son" stands in the reception hall to the right of the entrance. A large tapestry, depicting the story of St. Christopher, was especially woven for hanging over the mantel of the junior assembly room. The original of "The Legend of the Christmas Rose," by Alfred Hitchins, hangs over the fireplace in the kindergarten room. An original etching from Japan adorns the young people's assembly room and at least one good picture hangs in each class room and several in the various assembly rooms.

A unique feature of the building is the educational window. A fairly thorough investigation of church buildings of the country revealed none having this feature. It is a memorial window in three panels, installed halfway up the stairway, so that it can be seen from the first and second floors. The largest panel is the central one, which is arched at the top and is somewhat higher than the other two. In this panel is depicted the influence of the home in religious education. In the central part of the panel is seen the child Timothy standing at his mother's knee learning the scriptures. Above and below this central figure are small lunettes, symbolical of the home: a small cottage, birds in their nest with their mother bringing food to them, and the lamp of knowledge. Around this whole central panel is a beautiful floral colored border.

The two small panels on either side represent the influence of the school and the church in the life of the child. Again the small lunette is used rather than the solid stained glass. The schoolmaster tolling the bell, the little schoolhouse and the boy and girl on their way, each occupy one of these small panels. The church is represented by

a little Colonial meeting house, the minister in his gown and the father and mother going to church with their children—a boy and a girl. The window, made by the firm of Charles J. Connick of Boston, was especially designed for an educational building and was made to interest children.

The corner-stone of Congregational House was laid by the children, who indicated what should be put into the box placed within the stone. They made the program, participated in it and had a large place on the dedication program. No memorials nor pictures offered were accepted until they had been passed by the committee on decorations.

In all the planning for the church a very large place was given to educational features. Dr. Hugh Elmer Brown, the pastor, is a successful leader in religious education and Miss Miriam Heermans, the director, is one of the best known workers of the Middle West in this especial field. Both the pastor and the director brought their experience to bear in the planning and in addition sought advice of the most experienced leaders throughout the country. The two buildings cost about \$500,000, of which more than \$200,000 was used for the parish house.

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Honoring Missionary Memories

There Were Giants in Those Days

By REV. A. C. WARNER, *Springfield, South Dakota*

THE visit of President Coolidge to the Black Hills has thrown South Dakota and her missionary work into the limelight this summer. There have been two other recent events in the state that have emphasized the place and significance of the home missionary.

Just a year ago the new bridge across the Missouri at Pierre was opened. This is one of five free bridges constructed by the state within the past few years, to be opened for use this month, across the great river that has been such a barrier between the two parts of the state. At the formal exercises at Pierre the bridge was dedicated to the Rev. Stephen Return Riggs and his two sons, and tribute was

paid to the pioneer service of these three missionaries. Stephen Riggs went to Minnesota as a missionary to the Dakota or Sioux Indians, under commission of the American Board in 1836. Four years later he made a trip across country to Fort Pierre on the Missouri. Here he preached the first sermon in what is now South Dakota, although his direct service was done in Minnesota.

His oldest son, Rev. Alfred L. Riggs, came in 1870 to establish and become principal of the Santee Normal Training School. This school is located upon the Santee Reservation, to which the Indians with whom Stephen Riggs had worked, had been removed. While the school is on the Nebraska side of the Mis-



MEMORIAL TO "FATHER"
D. B. NICHOLS



MEMORIAL TO REV. AND
MRS. D. B. NICHOLS

souri, Principal Riggs had a large part in the development of our church work in South Dakota. He helped to organize the state conference, and one of the early meetings of the conference was

a large company of people met in the picturesque cemetery of the little village of Mission Hill, six miles east of Yankton. They had come to dedicate a fine concrete monument which had been erected



PIERRE AND FORT PIERRE BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER

held at Santee. He was a warm friend of Joseph Ward, assisted in the founding of Yankton College, and in the critical period following Dr. Ward's death, his wise and helpful counsel was a great boon. His judgment and advice were constantly sought by church and state leaders.

His brother, Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, began his work in the state in 1872, and through all these fifty-five years since has lived at Oahe, near Pierre. Although in quite frail health he was able to be present at the opening of the bridge and to be honored in person in the impressive services.

The multitude of travelers to the Hills this past summer who have crossed the river by auto over the great Federal Highway at Pierre were able to see on the memorial tablet upon this very beautiful structure the names of these three men, whose labors for the Indian more particularly, but also for the moral and spiritual life of the commonwealth are thus memorialized.

Upon a beautiful Sunday afternoon last June

by the citizens of the place as a memorial to the pioneer home missionary, who had founded the Congregational church about which presently the village grew. Danforth Bliss Nichols could write four degrees after his name, but "Father" Nichols was the name he always bore in the three communities of Dakota where he lived, and where still his name is a fragrant memory. A graduate of Oberlin in the class of 1839, a physician as well as a preacher, he came from a widely varied career as minister and with an honorable record as Superintendent of Contrabands during the Civil War to become a home

missionary in Dakota in 1880. He was then in his sixty-fourth year, and he served the little church at Bon Homme until he was seventy. The little white church, still standing, which houses the rural congregation that this year celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, the oldest rural English-speaking church in the Dakotas, is a memorial to his labors. He was a trustee of Yankton College, and for a year served as its field agent.



TABLET TO STEPHEN R. RIGGS AND HIS SONS

And then he established a church a few miles east of Yankton, and when the village grew about it, he gave it its name—Mission Hill. To this church he ministered for nearly twenty years. His wife died at the age of eighty-eight, and the last few months of his life were spent with a daughter in Oregon, at whose home he died at the age of ninety. Dean McMurtry, in his "History of Yankton College," speaks of Father Nichols as "a man of abundant faith and the most unquenchable optimism, retaining a childlike freshness in life up to the last."

The people of Mission Hill brought back the body of their loved pastor that it might rest beside that of his wife under the elms and evergreens in the cemetery beside the church. And now, twenty years after his death, they have placed in the center of that burial ground a striking monument, as a witness to the affection they still bear.

Incidents like these serve to show how deep and how lasting has been the work of the missionary, and witness that the present generation is not altogether blind to the significance of the service that he has rendered.

Art in the House of Worship

Part III. The Perils of the Beautiful

By WILLIAM W. LEETE, D. D.

AN American traveler, wearied at the sight of many works of art elsewhere in Europe, refused to enter the Louvre at Paris, saying to his companions; "No! not another picture, not another statue, not another church, will I see. I am going to find some place where I can play golf!"

There are many who have little interest in art, in whatever department of life it may be found. There are still others who, while they love the beautiful, fail to see that it has anything in particular to do with religion.

First. They argue in the first place that most of the good people in this country have worshiped or are worshiping in very ordinary kinds of buildings. And how plain, they say, how uncomfortable and even ugly were the meeting-houses where our grandparents and great-grandparents bowed to pray. To them the Romanesque and Gothic were terms vague and meaningless. The only "frieze" of which they ever heard was something they could feel but never saw. Nevertheless, they say, what people nurtured under groined arches and stained glass windows were ever holier than those same grandsires of ours? Throughout the world today, thousands are worshiping in very crude meeting-houses or no meeting-house at all. It is not the places, but the purpose that brings men near to God.

"To them who seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground."

Second. The second line of objection is based on the expense involved. While it may cost little more to have a comely building than one that is homely, that little, the hard-headed building committee say, is worth saving, and when it comes to the question of stone or wood, to a chancel or apse

instead of a straight wall, arched lentils instead of flat ones, windows of plain glass or of rolled cathedral, an organ built into the wall instead of being pushed out with the choir into the congregation, there are many who hesitate. And they say, "Let the people who like those unnecessary adornments pay for them; we do not propose to do so."

Third. But there is another class of objectors. Fed on the strong meat of Puritan principles, they feel that there is a real moral danger in using in God's house anything that borders on what is mainly decorative and symbolic. They claim that any such accessories, instead of aiding worship, hinder it. The aim of public worship is to bring men nearer to God. This may be by inducing different attitudes of mind: adoration, confession, thanksgiving, Godly fear, faith, love, hope. And none deny that whatever excites these attitudes of mind has a rightful place in public worship.

But instead of securing any of those good results, these objectors claim that with beautiful churches thought and interest can easily become centered in the material objects of form and color instead of on the things of the Spirit. Under such conditions, men may easily be led into calling that religion which is only its accompaniment. They may even verge on the breaking of the first commandment which reads, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Artistic and beautiful surroundings lull to sleep. A man could thank God that he was not as other men though sitting on a board slab in a leaky schoolhouse and listening to an itinerant preacher. But he is more likely to do that thing when seated in a cushioned pew where forms and lights and

color and sound are in perfect accord. The satisfaction of the physical senses, when things around us are as we think they ought to be, is something very different from the spiritual rewards that come at the thought of deeds well done or of a conscience void of offense. But the two can easily be mistaken one for the other.

The comforts of the artist must never be confounded with the joys of the saint.

Spiritually minded leaders of the church have

the signs of culture, wealth and privilege, and become for some people an occasion of separation from the church. What to some is merely dignity in worship, to others seems to be a religious pride. High naves, beautiful arches and costly windows put those who build them or pay for them in a class above the masses and condemn the church as if conducted in the interest of only the well-to-do class. The lament is very common with those who travel in Europe that the fine cathedrals stand as



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT

This is a good example of the English Parish style of church architecture. It was erected in 1892. Within are costly stained glass windows designed by the Tiffany Company. A building with such perfect proportions and furnishings as this, is a constant call to men to live the perfect life.

always been mindful of this danger. The Trinity Episcopal Church of Boston is one of the most beautiful church edifices in this country. It is perhaps the best example we have of Romanesque architecture. In the early days of Phillips Brooks' ministry there, he was credited with the remark, "If the church was not on its guard the many esthetically inclined young women in its communion would spoil it." He doubtless recognized that in his special communion were many, and especially young women, so highly cultivated in their tastes as to emphasize what was outwardly attractive and satisfying at the expense of what was fundamentally important in religion.

This much is certain: beauty is not religion, although people by thinking about it and looking at it a great deal may get to believe that it is.

Fourth. And the objector also asserts that emphasis upon architectural perfection gives the world outside an unfavorable impression of the church. If asked whether a church can be too fine he would promptly say yes. To many, such buildings are

a rule surrounded by the houses of the poor. While these contrasts do not lead to unfavorable criticism in Europe where the divisions of class have been age-long, they do affect unfavorably many minds in our free America. Furthermore, every material form which approaches architectural perfection demands to be accompanied by correspondingly fixed and formal order of worship; and this, for many, prevents the worship of the sanctuary from fitting the mood of the common man. When Jesus led men into the presence of God he did it from a boat or from a pulpit on the hillside. Is it in agreement with his spirit to demand the enrichments of service and of sanctuary for which many today are calling? A recent contributor to one of our papers puts it thus: "Religion in long robes brought Jesus to the cross. Religion in short sleeves must save the world."

Fifth. In arriving at any fair judgment upon what use shall be made of art in worship, the education and taste of the worshiper must be considered. There is a large class in every community

whose appreciation of things artistic, whether in architecture, music, painting or dress, is very small. In some communities that class is practically the whole town. In such a place a structure built true to any style of the past would receive adverse criticism. In a community of the opposite type a building on the best lines and fashioned in churchly order within would be welcomed. Pastors and architects must study the people and not argue from the standpoint of absolute art alone. What people like and what people ought to like are two different things. To the man who has read church history and seen fine buildings in other lands, the reconstruction of his church so as to include a chancel will excite little surprise. The robed choir singing its processional fills his soul with holy enthusiasm. But that same performance excites almost disgust in the visitor from a country parish who enters such a church for the first time and whose understanding of music is so limited that he cannot tell the difference between "The Church's One Foundation" and "Sweet By and By."

In my first parish the deacons were very decided in their objection to the responsive reading by pastor and people of any portion of the scripture. But that church and almost all churches have now for years been using some form of responsive service. This is because by participating in the service people have learned to like it. The same change is going on in respect to the opinions men have with regard to church architecture. The number of church attendants whose sensibilities are offended and whose inspiration to worship is marred by inharmonious surroundings or by a haphazard

conduct of the service grows greater every year. The peril therefore which is most worth considering is that which faces every church that will not



MEMORIAL WINDOW, FIRST CHURCH, METHUEN, MASS.

This window represents the Resurrection and probably none in this country upon that subject is more beautiful. It is made up of more than 10,000 pieces of glass and is considered La Farge's masterpiece. Hundreds of people every year visit Methuen in order to see it, and the pretty grey granite church which contains it.

shape its buildings and its order of worship so that they shall meet the spiritual needs of the people of today.

Because the surroundings in many of our churches is distasteful, many brought up in the free faith of the Pilgrims have sought church homes in other communions. The Episcopal church has received many of them. In the early Puritan days in England, the high churchman, George Herbert, wrote of our dissenting forefathers and of their church buildings:

"She in the valley (Puritan) is so shy of dressing that her hair doth lie about her ears
While she avoids her neighbors' pride,
She wholly goes on the other side,
And nothing wears.

The critic of today could not truthfully use such language. Our houses of worship are being constructed with more and more regard to the rules of good art. Nevertheless, we believe the time will never come when Congregationalists will minimize the more important spiritual teachings of religion or change Ephesians 2:8 so that it shall read "by good taste are ye saved."

There is nothing in good architec-



THE NARTHEX, GERMAN EVANGELICAL PROTESTANT CHURCH, PITTSBURGH

The vestibule does much to control the mood of those who are entering the House of Worship. Would that it could be in every case such a quiet, beautiful and restful "outer court" as is shown in this picture.

ture or in a stately ritual that of itself can redeem or transform. Some of the worst scoundrels in society sit at home on Chippendale furniture; and at church a Gothic chancel is no guarantee against a depraved conscience.

We have stated that beauty is not religion. We think, however, it is the duty of those who are religious to cultivate the beautiful. It is everywhere

best express to the world her thoughts about divine revelation could not fail also to make use of the beautiful. To state her conception of truth in written creeds alone has never been found sufficient. Orators with burning lips have explained and commended it; painting has put it into colors that plead; music into chorals that inspire; and architecture, lifting it up in chiseled portals, aisles



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LA CANADA, CALIFORNIA

Among the hills three miles from Los Angeles stands this pretty Gothic church. The stained glass window over the porch is of the Savior knocking at the door, and the window is lighted every night. A correspondent in the Los Angeles Times writes a touching article about it and adds "there must be many another whose thanks are as grateful as ours."

in God's world, else why the flowers, the sunset and the little child. Why should not God's children seek to do that for which their Father in heaven has set the example?

Beauty in the last analysis is simply successful expression. In the physical universe, that which was without form and void becomes sunlight. In human speech words become poetry; truth unfolds until it is seen to be love; and goodness declares itself at length in the perfect man Jesus Christ.

The Christian church with the urge upon her to

and domes, has made men as they passed beneath them think, and wonder, and pray.

Congregationalists will build few cathedrals. This will not be because of old prejudices. It will not be because they do not love the beautiful. It will be because they believe that smaller buildings which are beautiful are for Americans far more useful.

The sons of those who charted the sea and gave laws to states carved out of a wilderness, will select from things lovely what best serves religion, and give Art her true place in the house of God.

A Church in Action

How the Women are Making Good in Torrington, Connecticut

By MRS. W. H. BROWN

IN presenting this summary of some of the results of a union, or merger, in a local church, there is no implication that Center Church has not always been a church in action, nor that the formation of a league is the only solution of the missionary problems in a church.

We do feel, however, that four years' work as a league has given the system a fair trial and it is in the hope that our experiences may help some other church to solve its problems that we give this résumé of the missionary side of our work.

Limitations of the Old Plan

When the present Woman's League of Center Church was formed, in December, 1923, there were three women's groups functioning in the church: the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the Ladies' Benevolent Society and the Wednesday Afternoon Society. The two latter represented the home missionary work—sewing and giving money to local causes, packing missionary barrels for our various home fields and contributing to the home missionary budget of the church—a group of women ready and willing to work for causes when the need was shown, but not especially studying missions or thinking of themselves primarily as a missionary group.

As to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, a devoted member said, when I talked with her about the results of our League work: "When I think of our dear old Foreign Missionary Society, the picture comes to me of a group of elderly women, for the most part, intensely interested in their study, few in number, liberal in giving—because informed. They were, like the rest of us, growing older every day, some dropping out from time to time and we used to wonder where the recruits were coming from." The organization of the League settled that question.

In Union Strength

Now as to the formation and working of our League. The three existing societies united, merging themselves under a constitution and by-laws which provides for all of the former activities of all three societies: sewing meetings, missionary assemblies, social affairs, suppers, and so forth.

Every woman connected with the church is urged to join the League, which has nominal yearly dues, and every member of the League is a member of every department. Thus, in our case, we now have a missionary society of one hundred and

sixty members, including the older, devoted study group and the younger women, some of whom have been quite surprised to find that missions—or perhaps better, world service—is really interesting.

As I have said, this report of our League work is entirely from the missionary standpoint, and we have gained distinctly in numbers, attendance, service and giving. Just a word in regard to the giving. At each missionary assembly an offering is taken which goes directly into the missionary treasury. In November of each year a Thank Offering is taken. A special letter containing an offering envelope is sent to each member and we have shown our thanks very substantially in this way. One year the offering amounted to \$324; another year it was \$297. This also goes directly into the missionary account, then all other money which is taken up by the League—raised, as in most churches, by suppers, sales, bazaars, and so forth—is divided fifty-fifty between the missionary treasury and the general treasury. Then, at the end of the year, the missionary account is divided half-and-half between home and foreign fields.

One year our League gave \$1,000 to missions; and, while that was our banner year, we have not done badly in the other years. This as compared with \$300 for foreign, and \$100 for home, the last year of the old order. We have given for Red Cross work, local relief, and the Soldiers' Home at Arlington.

Our sewing work has continued in full force. We have sewed for the local hospital and for the Brooker Memorial and have sewed for and sent off a most liberal barrel each year to some home field.

Plans and Programs

The meetings of the League are arranged so that there are two afternoon sewing meetings each month and one missionary assembly. The entire missionary program is provided for by one of the regular League committees, called the Missionary Committee and elected at the annual meeting. During the three and a half years since the forming of the League, the attendance at these assemblies has been very gratifying, ranging from thirty to seventy-five or eighty members. Another very encouraging result has been the different church groups that have become interested in the missionary work. A most welcome addition has been a group of young women who have contributed de-

lightly in the musical part of our programs, helped in playlets and pageants. Music has been a regular part of our meetings and has been very much enjoyed. One year we had a woman's double quartet, which sang for us on numerous occasions. Then there have been solos, duets, trios and quartets at various times, and at one meeting a chorus of junior girls from the Church School sang for us. The Church School contributed at another meeting, when the work among the American Indians was part of the program. A girl gave the Indian's version of the Twenty-Third Psalm, and one of the boys told a story of some Indian children.

The assembly programs have included both home and foreign interests, usually alternating. They usually include current events; and the study books have not been forgotten. While it has not been possible to make a detailed study of each book, a résumé of parts of them has been given very helpfully. The programs have been pleasantly varied with speakers, but there have been a few outstanding local programs. I wish to mention particularly one playlet, "Youth in China," which was delightfully given by some of our women, very much embellished by some beautiful Chinese costumes and

settings loaned by one of our members. At another Chinese meeting, in another year, the Chinese legend of the Willow Pattern was told by a young woman in costume, and a very interesting display of willow ware was given. Perhaps the most ambitious attempt of the program committee was a missionary pageant given last winter, entitled, "Women of Destiny." It portrayed the history of America from a missionary standpoint. After the reader had explained the significance of each character, an appropriate musical number was rendered, and as the pageant was given in the evening, even the men were inveigled, or pressed, into service in a missionary meeting. Characters were shown—ranging from Isabella—followed by a quartet number—to the Pilgrim woman and the solo, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High;" from the slave mother with accompaniment of a Negro spiritual, to the immigrant woman with a song in Italian; and the Gold Star Mother and the song, "In Flanders Field."

Our assemblies always close with "tea and sociability" arranged by a regularly elected sub-committee, and we feel that it is well worth while. In this part of the program the young women are very helpful.



Jolly Acres

By HARRY THOMAS STOCK

OF course, you may not have a farm of a hundred and fifty acres upon which there are commodious and comfortable buildings, available for use as have the Baltimore and Washington Congregational churches in Jolly Acres, the property of the Junior Republic near Camp Meade. But that need not deter you from holding a week-end conference, institute or retreat for the leaders of your young people. There are more camp grounds and inexpensive lodges available than our churches have begun to use.

The summer conference is an inspirational and educational movement of untold value to our churches. Four thousand of our Congregational leaders gain new vision and a degree of training in camps and conferences each summer. Each delegate must become a radiating center from which this vision and understanding is spread throughout the home communities. It is not always an easy undertaking; it is difficult for them to pass on the spirit of the gathering. It is one of those things about which you cannot speak adequately; it must be experienced.

The institute or retreat is an effort to give a larger number of the local leaders a taste of the same experience and training. It may be open only to the workers within a given church, or it may include the Church School leaders of an entire community, or it may be open to the Congregationalists of a township or county. By going away from the "works" into the country, it is possible to concentrate upon the problems which are made the basis of the week-end program. Quiet, good food, strenuous recreation, and informal discussion groups create a summer conference atmosphere—an atmosphere of worship, docility, frankness, and eagerness to achieve worth-while results.

These conferences come best early in September or October. But many are held later in the fall and the beginning of a calendar offers another logical opportunity. Great care should be taken to center the program around one or two major ideas; otherwise it will be impossible to see any issue through to a fruitful conclusion. The temptation is to crowd everything in, to schedule a great array of high-powered speeches, to leave too little time for discus-

sion, and to leave too little time for those significant problems which come out in the discussion but which cannot be foreseen by the program-makers.

At Jolly Acres, in October, the idea was to help the young people to build a rounded program in their local groups. The set program included a Bible, missionary, worship and discussion emphasis. Both the Saturday night and Sunday morning sessions were left in the hands of the young people themselves. They spent the early part of Saturday evening around the hearth asking this question: "How can young people lead the church?" A host of questions, suggestions, and experiences came out of this unplanned discussion. But the young people themselves, impatient because these ideas were not shaping themselves into closely formulated plans, asked that one of the adults take hold—to summarize what had been said and to give positive direction to their thinking.

The committee of young people who were made responsible for the Sunday Church School session asked that the group be divided into three classes: adults, boys and girls. They wanted no teachers or adult leaders. Each group appointed one of its own number to keep the discussion to the main line, and selected another to keep a record of the session. The boys considered this question: "What are the six things that we think are most important in the 'one girl' in whom we are interested?" The girls likewise discussed the subject, "What are the first

six things that we demand of our ideal boy?" And the young people asked that the adults, out of their wide and various experiences, bring in an answer to the question: "What should boys and girls demand of each other?"

More thoughtful, earnest, and serious-minded discussions one seldom hears. At the close of the period each set of findings was reported, and all agreed that every demand was reasonable. The young people were particularly pleased with the common sense displayed by the adults—these adults who were suspected of being just a bit unsympathetic. The first suggestion on the adult list was that "young people should not expect too much of each other!" All three sets of findings will be included in the next discussion booklet issued by the Young People's Department. This will be prepared for use in the churches during the period beginning with the New Year and running through Easter. The booklet will be called, "Problems of Christian Youth."

As is always the case, when any adequate preparation has been made, the worship periods were impressive and productive. The conference closed on Sunday afternoon with a communion service. This was the second semi-annual gathering of this kind held at Jolly Acres and it is certain that there will be a repetition of the program next year. Although many adult leaders participated in the preparations for this gathering, the heaviest responsibilities were borne by Rev. J. N. McDonald and Major W. O. Tufts.

An Exhibition of Negro Art

Sponsored by The Harmon Foundation and the Federal Council of Churches

THE first nation-wide exhibition of the creative work of Negroes of America in the Fine Arts will be held in New York from January 6 to 15, 1928, at International House, 500 Riverside Drive, under the sponsorship of the Harmon Foundation in cooperation with the Commission on the Church and Race relations of the Federal Council of Churches.

"The threefold aim of the exhibition," says Dr. George E. Haynes, Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Race Relations, "is to bring about a wider interest in Negro art as a contributing influence to American culture; to stimulate Negro artists to strive for achievement in the fine arts according to the highest standards; and to encourage the general public in the purchase of productions of Negro artists; thereby helping to put them on a better economic foundation."

The final date for submitting work has been set at January 1, 1928.

"Varnishing Day" will be held on Thursday, January 5, when the artists, their friends, critics and persons known to be interested in Negro creative work will be invited to view the entries for the exhibition.

"The general exhibit planned for this year," continues Dr. Haynes, "is in connection with and results from the Award in Fine Arts of the series of William E. Harmon Awards for Distinguished Achievement Among Negroes which were originated in 1926 by the Harmon Foundation. This award has had a nation-wide scope, entries having been received from California, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and the District of Columbia. Because of the high order of work presented by Negro artists and the favorable public comment which the award attracted, we believe

that the productions of Negro artists should be given wider attention. It is the hope of the sponsors that this will be the first of a series of annual American exhibitions to be open to Negroes in the United States."

Palmer Hayden of New York City, to whom the Foundation accorded the first Award in Fine Arts for 1926, was, through this recognition, given an opportunity by an anonymous donor for two years' study in Europe.

Hale Woodruff, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who received the second award in this field, has been assisted, through a donation from Otto H. Kahn, of New York, and the promised sale of pictures yet to be painted, to visit Europe where he may

enjoy the inspiration of the galleries and art centers and may receive further instruction.

"Any person of African descent in the United States," states Dr. Haynes, "is invited to submit his productions in painting, drawing, engraving, modeling, sculpture, architecture, or any other of the fine arts. A committee on admission, composed of four competent artists, will view all work offered and decide whether such work is of sufficient merit to warrant its being included in the collection, the decision of the committee being final. In order to save embarrassment and avoidable expense, those desiring to have objects exhibited are advised to obtain the opinion of a capable judge as to the possibility of acceptance."



Hannah's Day

By MARION V. CUTHBERT, *Principal, Burrell Normal School*

THERE were two distinct parts to Hannah's day—unbalanced both as to time and their worth to her. The first part began after a scanty breakfast in the early daylight of midsummer or the dark mornings of midwinter. There was work in the fields or chores in the cabin, brothers and sisters to tease or escape from their teasing. Mammy left right after breakfast for work in the Big House and that simplified all housekeeping problems, for there was usually cold corn bread a-plenty which did for all, from Br' John to the baby. And so except for the work that Mammy said must be done before she returned in the evening the day was free for running and shouting and singing. But there was a second part to the day when Mammy came home in the evening—a cross and tired Mammy after a long, hard day, and sometimes—in fact usually—she wielded a heavy hand in discipline.

For a few months Hannah went to school. The country schoolhouse, poor as it was with its immeasurably bad teaching most of the time, was a revelation to her. In spite of her scattered attendance she soon learned to read, and a whole new world was opened up to her.

Then Mammy moved to the town, and to the great surprise of Hannah she was put out to work with the "white folks." "Too big to laze 'roun' heah an' do nuthin'," said Mammy. The white folks were kind and Hannah found that there was a peace and order with them that she had not known in cabin days. And they were so "smart." Mis' Harmon knew so many things, from turning out a beautifully-baked fowl to making gorgeous party frocks. And Hannah, large for her thirteen

years, was entrusted with much and learned much.

But she hankered for school. The few dollars wages piled up, with careful saving, until she had a respectable little sum. One day she announced her intention of attending the missionary school, and before the astonished Mrs. Harmon could recover from her surprise, had left her job, established herself in a boarding place and enrolled in the school.

Six blissful weeks! Teachers, so unlike the poor, half-trained ones of the country; wonderful books, a beautiful brick building. Singing, singing! Looking back upon it Hannah said it was all too good to be true. But Mammy sickened, and rather than lose her place, she put Hannah in her stead. And when she recovered Hannah stayed on to help with the bills and with a series of misfortunes to younger brothers and sisters. And the years went by.

One day she learned that there was an opening to cook at the missionary school. Here was a chance to be near that wonderful group. She applied and was accepted. There was plenty of work to do and not so much time for wondering about books as she had expected. But the teachers liked the big-hearted country girl and found her a sympathetic listener when they related vexatious school problems.

The principal married and brought his bride, a beautiful and timid creature who found many things strange in her new home. But Hannah was a source of unfailing strength and help; and more and more the principal's wife came to lean upon her. And Hannah worshiped her new superior.

Without her being aware of it, that thing she

had wanted so much—an education—got under way. Under the gentle influence of the principal's wife, as guide and confidant of the teachers, Hannah was learning from that world of well-bred and educated people. Clearer grew her thinking, greater was her ability to express herself, even though occasional errors of grammar still bespoke a crude foundation. Devout by nature, she read her Bible with greater understanding and even began to question many of the absurd interpretations and hysterical doings of some of the ignorant ministers of the town. Scarcely tangible in outline, but felt unmistakably, was her soul's awakening, and she comprehended her burning desires by the light of

God's plan, which she sought to make her own.

The moulding of this woman's character—I make no effort to conceal the fact that I am writing about Mrs. McDonald, our matron—through the contacts with A. M. A. people is one of the outstanding accomplishments of the work of this school here. Many other things could be written about, no doubt—outstanding graduates made mention of—but the longing of a race was articulate in her longing and the assuaging of desire of hundreds of the lowly has come with her fulfillment. She is all of us, blessed beyond words, because some loved, for His sake, and made smoother the paths for multitudes of the forgotten.

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November at Ellis Island

THERE was a fine Thanksgiving party for the mothers and children who were with us at that time. A contribution from a friend of the work made this possible and that friend would have felt repaid if he had been present and witnessed the enjoyment of all who were present.

A small part of the money given for the party was left and was used during the month for fruit, which all the children love. A little colored lad of seven said one day, "Mrs. Pratt, please give me an apple on Monday and Saturday, and I will sing songs and do tricks for you for a week." He received his apples and the children were delighted with his songs and tricks. He was admitted just when he was singing, "Show Me the Way," and entered the United States carrying two large red apples, the greater part of his possessions. What a joy it is to see these little ones happy and help make them so.

There is an English lesson every morning, and how these children from all parts of the world drink in knowledge of the new language! A Spanish girl aged fourteen, named Clara, teaches each lesson to her two parrots, in the Detention Room, after school is over. The children gather around the birds and ask them to talk. In the morning they greet Mrs. Pratt with, "Good morning, teacher!"

"Thank you!" "Please!" "Did you wash your face and hands?" Clara taught the parrots to say, "Bad and dirty boy," to a little Greek who dislikes to take a bath, and after hearing the birds' opinion he hastened to Mrs. Pratt and demanded, "A bath, please."

Mrs. Pratt is aiding these children to live a real life by showing them what will be expected of them in their new country in the way of cleanliness and by interesting them in games which may be adapted to the teaching of English. They find, too, a common interest in toys and playthings which they have never had before: dolls, balls, toys of all kinds. Here is a need which is constant. She gives each child some small gift when it is admitted or deported, and like the money for the Thanksgiving party, such gifts, as well as drawing and sewing materials, are always in demand.



BOBBY AT ELLIS ISLAND

A picture of the Ellis Island kindergarten appears on the cover of this magazine. The school is held in a long narrow passageway, the only space available for this purpose, but in no finely equipped school do the children radiate greater happiness. There the little folks of twenty languages and twenty different racial inheritances receive their first lessons in how to live together happily and harmoniously. A needed lesson in a new land.

Rev. S. Abe of Seattle

By MISS JANETTA KNOWLTON

There are three wholly self-supporting Japanese Congregational churches in the United States: two in California and one in Washington. The pastors are also missionaries at large for all the region around. Rev. S. Abe, of Seattle, has had a very notable service for many years in charge of the church there. He has taken many evangelistic tours, one to California and Hawaii, to celebrate an anniversary of his church. Miss Knowlton is worker in charge at the Japanese Community Center of Seattle.—EDITOR.

YOU asked me to write what I know of the work Mr. Abe is doing in order that you may have an impression of our entire program for the Japanese in Washington. Mr. Abe's wife has gone to Japan to take treatment for rheumatism, his youngest daughter is at Whitman College, and he is living alone with his mother. At the same time that Mr. Tsubake, his assistant pastor, left for the East, he lost several other valuable church workers. He visited me about that time, and talked freely of his work and his plans. He regretted that he must now give up his longer missionary tours. He still goes regularly to Yakima, however.

A Japanese Girl Preaches and Sings for Her People

His daughter, June, also holds services at Walla Walla: a church service, a Sunday School and a Japanese language school. She has the use of a barber shop and twenty-five grown people and seven children attend. Mr. Abe says, "She loves to preach." I know the people must love to hear her sing. She has a beautiful voice which she is having trained. Yesterday, I had a call from Mrs. McKay, of whose work among the Japanese on the Indian reservation you have probably heard. She said that Mr. Abe and his daughter are the only ones who are now doing Christian work among the Japanese in that part of the state. She spoke especially of how much the people loved to hear June.

The Young Folks Want the English Language •

Mr. Abe is trying to get, as pastor for his young people, Mr. Yasumura, who is completing his course in Hartford Seminary this year. He is very well thought of by the young people of Seattle as the result of the good work he did last summer in the Baptist church during the absence of their young people's pastor. The second generation Japanese cannot easily follow services in the language of their parents, and drop away from attendance at the churches unless they have preaching in English.

The Baptist and the Methodist churches each have a young people's pastor and an evening service in English for their young people besides their Christian Endeavor, but I do not think that there is a larger group of young people in either of these

churches than in the one connected with our own. The Sunday I was there at the Christian Endeavor meeting there were twenty-six present. A room has been fitted up in the rear of the church for the young people. Two morning services are held simultaneously. Mr. Abe speaks to the young people the first fifteen minutes, then he passes to the other room and holds the usual service at the same time that the young people are having their Christian Endeavor.

The Power of Personal Experience

I wish that I could give to you the impression that these young people made upon me. I passed through the room where the older people were quietly waiting for their service to begin. Their heads were bowed reverently. The Christian Endeavor service had just begun. It was like going into a fresh breeze, meeting these young people, alert, wide awake, so eager to speak that there was difficulty in bringing the meeting to a close. In age, they were from about eighteen to thirty, university and high school students and high school graduates working in offices. All sorts of questions, theological and otherwise, were brought forward as eagerly as if they were the first people who had ever been troubled by them. On one point they all agreed: that experience is the ultimate authority; and how freely and simply they gave their own religious experiences. The young girl who led the meeting expressed the sentiment of them all when she said, "I don't like to hear of evidences of Christianity and proofs of religion. If you know God and if you have Christ in your heart, you know him, and that's all there is to it. If you don't know him, no one can make you understand anyway." A university student said, "For two years, my studies made me doubt even the existence of God; now I not only believe in God, but I believe in miracles even, because God has worked miracles for me." I don't know how in any general way to give you the impression these young people made upon me of how vital a religion they have.

Make the Place Worthy of the Work

Our shabby appearance at the Community Center has been a great hindrance to our work, limiting us to very few lines of endeavor. Mrs. Weiss started the ball rolling. As a result, I received an

invitation from Mrs. Baird to state the case before a meeting of the Executive Board. The women were interested and sympathetic. One of them offered to furnish the ice cream for every social event that we have hereafter. She also told me that hereafter she will pay for our daily paper. One of the Board members interested a class of women in Plymouth Sunday School. The president of the class visited me several hours, and carried away a complete list of our needs. They are working chiefly for China, but some of them have become personally interested in this place. Mr. Burwell called this morning with an armful of furnishings his wife had sent. Mrs. Weiss was buying a new living room rug and gave us her other one, which is bright and attractive. We are able at once to widen our influence. Having a better looking house and ice cream on demand, we are beginning a series of monthly entertainments. Mrs. Maxen, president of the music memory contest last year and an officer in the state Federated Music Clubs, has planned a series of programs to

be given by some of her musical friends. The object is both entertainment and education. The six musicales are intended to give an outline of musical history. Mr. Abe tells me that the Japanese people, especially the older ones, are eager to learn, to understand and to appreciate music and that they will be very glad for this service. He himself will interpret the lecture part of the programs and help to interest the people in them.

Three young men from our Beacon Hill Church have taken charge of our work for boys. They are enthusiastic and efficient. We now have a boys' club of twenty-one members. The new club is still nameless; I hope it will absorb the younger boys' club in time. We remembered our old pupils and club members by inviting them to the mission to see Mr. Abe's stereopticon pictures. We sent out about one hundred invitations. Fifty-four were present, not counting babies. Young people had to be seated on the floor. I am giving a Thanksgiving dinner to my pupils and some other boys alone in the city. I expect thirteen for dinner.



Edgewood Church Holds Project Dinner

Shows How the New Plan Works

By M. RAYMOND PLUMB

Minister, Edgewood Congregational Church, Cranston, Rhode Island

ONE-QUARTER of the entire membership paid one dollar each to attend the recent project dinner of the Edgewood Congregational Church. An excellent menu put everyone in a happy frame of mind. Singing of popular songs, interspersed with a joke or two, added to the good humor; while "Blest Be the Tie," "America," "One Foundation," and "Fling Out the Banner" cemented the spirit of fellowship and created the mood for the serious business of the evening.

This object of the meeting was to set forth by means of vivid word pictures the definite pieces of work which this particular church should be doing both within and without its four walls. As a preliminary letter to the members put it: "The aim is to give information about what a church does and to arouse a personal interest in some of the appealing projects which Edgewood Church may carry on."

Whole Church Enterprise Presented

Unlike other project gatherings, this was unique in that the idea was to describe the whole enterprise of the particular church. Therefore the first speaker, as the chairman of the church finance committee, named the major items of the current expense budget, noting the importance of each by apt words.

His point was that before a church can function as it should it must be maintained at an adequate level of leadership, equipment, and efficiency.

It was understood that no appeal for funds would be made at this dinner, and the figures given by the speakers were simply for information, that an intelligent idea of the whole budget might be had in preparation for the every member canvass four weeks later. Of course, such a project dinner may be undertaken at any time, and without reference to the canvass. Of itself it is warranted by its high educational value.

The Local Projects

The second speaker, Mrs. George C. Harrison, took for her subject the local projects of the church. These included the City District Nurses, the Lakeside Preventorium, where young children are given sun treatment for tuberculosis prevention, and Sunshine Island, where poor children from the city annually receive two weeks of good food, fresh air, and fun. Several other community enterprises to which the church contributes were also outlined.

The Conference Project

The third speaker was Rev. Gideon A. Burgess, Missionary Superintendent of the Rhode Island Con-

gregational Conference. In interesting fashion he described the particular conference project with which this group of people is to be linked. It is the Newport Union Church, the only Negro Congregational church in the state, with a splendid record of fifteen young people sent to higher institutions of learning and into Christian work during the past fifteen years. For several years it has received aid from the state conference, and now the Edgewood Church assumes a definite portion of that aid. It is expected that a more personal and friendly contact will be developed during the coming year.

The National and Overseas Projects

The main address was given by Rev. William S. Beard, of the Congregational Layman's Advisory Commission. Telling the story with dramatic descriptions and inspirational suggestions, he painted a panorama of the church's projects beyond Rhode Island borders—in America and in other lands. The auditors saw Ellis Island; had a glimpse of the church buildings at Albemarle; visited Blanche Kellogg Institute and likewise Carleton College. They looked in on Alice Adams at Okayama, renewed acquaintance with their Rhode Island girl in China and their Rhode Island doctor in the Philippines. Eyes and ears were open and many present learned for the first time what the church to which they belong is actually doing. When one man said: "Why didn't you tell us this before?" it seemed that the aim of the evening was beginning to be realized.

Posters Help Visualize Work

Two large posters helped the people visualize what they heard. At the center of each was an attractive water-color drawing of the Edgewood Church. On one bearing the title, "Homeland Projects," were grouped around the edges pictures and photographs depicting each project in city, state or nation. On the other, labeled, "Projects Overseas," were grouped pictures representing all the projects abroad. These posters have been left on display in the church, and will often be used and supplemented in days to come.

At each plate was a printed list of all the projects described. Opposite each project named was placed an amount which had been recommended by the project committee of the church in preparation for this meeting, the amounts being based partly on the former apportionment. After the final address of the evening it was moved and voted that it be the sentiment of the assembly that at least \$1,300 be sought through pledges at the every member canvass, the remainder being dependent upon extra pledges and gifts from the Church School or other organizations within the church. This recommen-

dation has since been adopted by the church finance committee and the item appears in the church budget for 1928.

Tenfold Increase in Five Years

When one realizes that missionary interest in this church has been almost nil, that in five years contributions on the apportionment rose from \$140 to over \$1,000, and that for the past three years the church has voluntarily added \$100 a year to its apportionment, it will be seen that although the project figure is not large, it represents another gain. But better than that, it expresses an awakening spontaneous interest which holds promise of greater works in the future. These projects offer established points of human interest, of which advantage may be taken by the minister in his sermons and letters, by the "school of missions" during Lent, by planners of programs for school or young people's meetings. There is no doubt that this church has more incentive than before to maintain its plant and organization, and to function more intensively and extensively for the Kingdom.

<i>Local:</i> —District Nurses, \$50; Sunshine Island, \$10; Lakewood Preventorium, \$10; Christmas Dinners, \$25; Steeple Jim's Mission, \$5; Santa Claus Fund, \$5; Miscellaneous, \$20.	
<i>Total</i>	\$125.00
<i>State:</i> —Newport Union Church. The only Negro Congregational church in Rhode Island.....	
	250.00
<i>Homeland:</i> —Ellis Island Kindergarten for immigrant children	
	\$100.00
Summer Student Service. For such young men as preached to President Coolidge last summer	
	50.00
First Church at Albemarle, North Carolina. Putting up a new building	
	50.00
Blanche Kellogg Institute, Santurce, Porto Rico; one educational scholarship for a girl	
	100.00
Minister's Annuity to insure an old age pension for a veteran	
	49.80
Carleton College scholarship. The pastor's Alma Mater	
	100.00
Young People's Work. Summer conferences for leadership training	
	50.00
Boston Seaman's Friend Society. A New England work for men of the sea	
	25.00
American Bible Society. Prints and sends Bibles all over the world....	
	15.00
<i>Total</i>	\$539.80
<i>Overseas:</i> —Africa; Zulu Branch, helpers in evangelistic work at Johannesburg	
	\$75.00
India; Mandapassalai Pastorate under care of Rev. Emmons E. White of Connecticut	
	75.00
China; Miss Mary Cushman, a Rhode Island girl at Foochow	
	75.00
Japan; Miss Alice Adams at the "Loving All" social settlement at Okayama	
	100.00
Philippines; medical work and maintenance of Davao Hospital, in charge of Dr. Brokenshire, who went from Pawtucket last year	
	100.00
Mexico; Institute Colon, a Protestant school at Guadalajara	
	75.00
<i>Total</i>	\$500.00
<i>Grand Total</i>	1,414.80

A New Project in the Southland

A Wonderful Country, A Remarkable People—An Opening Door

By Director MALCOLM DANA, of the Department of Town and Country Work

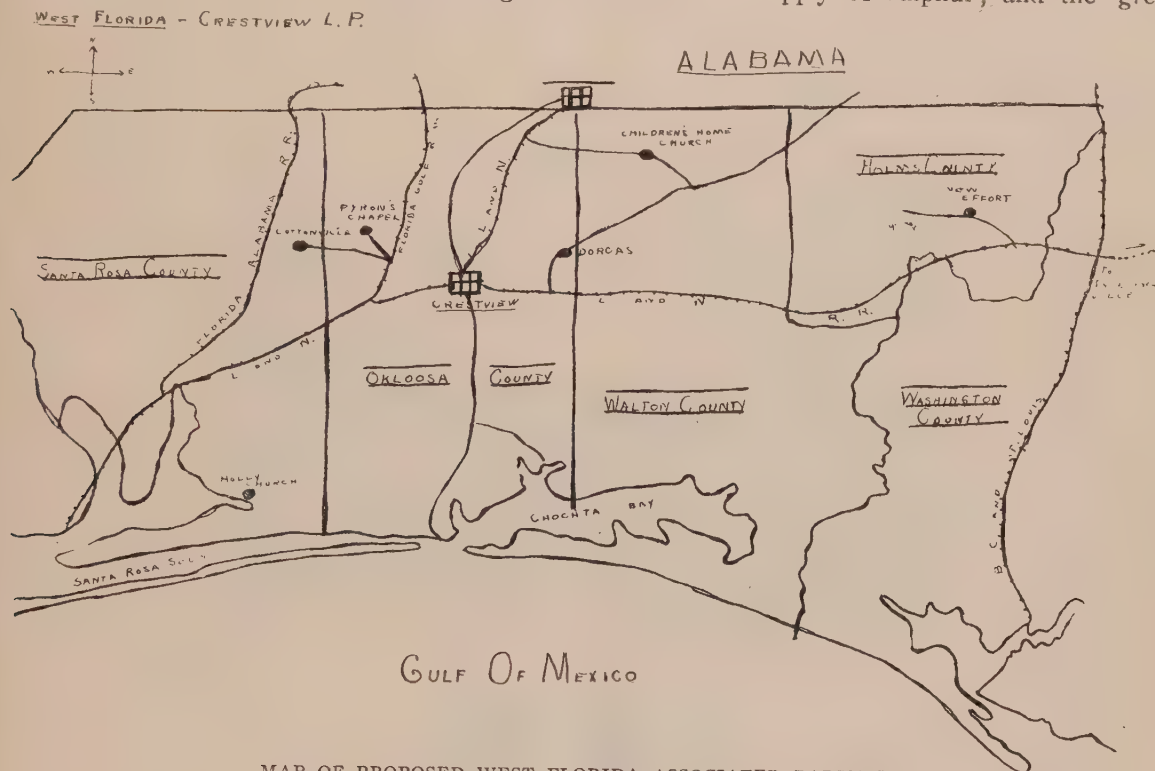
I AM always getting thrills which make my job better than any other. If only I were twins or triplets what a thrilling time I would have!

Returning from an extended stay on the Western Coast I felt that I really should get a glimpse of Florida, if for no other reason than to see whether the things told me by some Californians about the latter region were so or not. So I've been down in Dixie. Not in the teeming cities—oh no!—but out in the rural regions of the razorback hog, the

thought of in connection with the South. Listen!

A Land of Great Resources

The Southland is richer in material resources than any other equal area in the world. It contains nearly one-third of the total area of the United States and has three-quarters of its coast line. One wonders if the following may have to do with its excessive heat! It has three-quarters of the coking area of the world; three-quarters of the world's supply of sulphur; and the greatest



MAP OF PROPOSED WEST FLORIDA ASSOCIATED PARISHES

sugar cane and the cotton fields. I was even introduced to the boll-weevil, to whom the Alabamans, I believe, are erecting a monument as the savior of Southern agriculture by compelling diversified farming. In schoolhouses, churches among the oaks, and cabin homes amid the turpentine forests, I met as fine folks as the Lord ever makes. I like 'em young; and even the babies go to church down South. They talk in meeting, too, any time and any way. Dixie has the Suwanee River. It is a land of young folks and of music, of "shaped notes" and "harp singings." This presents a door to the one who would serve.

There is a bigness out in California. For example, it takes six hours to run by train through San Bernardino County. There is a bigness to be

known natural gas field in the world. Forty per cent of the forest resources of the country are in the Southland and there are fifty-five million acres of reclaimable land capable of crops worth from two to four billions of dollars.

Rural Anglo-Saxon and Protestant

Look at the South rurally. It has always been characteristically rural with farming the leading pursuit. The pull of the city has not been sufficient to jeopardize this preponderance of rural life—although a new day is dawning, with its menace of industrialism and urbanization. Three-quarters of the people are country dwellers, the total rural population being slightly larger than all the rest of the country put together. Omitting Missouri, the population of the South is eighty per cent rural.

Fifty-four per cent of the farm lands of the United States are in the South. Its grains, fruits and vegetables can feed the nation, its fleecy cotton can clothe it, and the pine forests of the South can house it.

The obligation to serve these peoples and interests religiously is a Protestant one. Only two per cent of the religious constituency is non-evangelical or Catholic. The proportion of Protestant church members is the highest anywhere in America, viz., 40.4 per cent. One-half of the rural churches in the land are down South. Moreover, the church, aside from the school, is the one institution which reaches every community and most of the adults in all of them.

A Mission Down South

I have a sure conviction, a long time simmering, but now well founded on experience and fact. Congregationalism has a mission down South. Not because it is better than any other denomination. But, if for no other reason, because our own people are going down there by the thousands. Ten thousand of them live in Atlanta, I was told; but snugly ensconced—there and elsewhere—in other folds. And why? Because we are in no large way present in the South to greet and care for them. We are wanted there. Our faith and polity are wanted by a young generation that is "trying the spirits whether they be of God or not," and who want a program that deals with life rather than doctrine. Let me say, however, that our witness must use heart as well as head, it must preach what it believes and not its doubts; and it must not be afraid of showing even a bit of emotion now and then. I am a New Englander. After my recent wander-

ings in the Southland, I could but wish that Christian New England might sojourn in the Southland a while, and the Southland orient itself in New England. The admixture of virtues would fill our churches and swell our budgets, I am dead sure.

Crestview's Call

We are going South. The Secretary of Missions for the Eastern Division has a statesmanlike program and beginnings are being made. My visit was to the Crestview region in a portion of the state which Florida does not care much to own. It would readily concede it to Alabama, and has only recently begun to care for the region. A sixty-foot surfaced road now runs by Crestview and another will run south to the Gulf. A third hotel has been built, and tourist trains run once a month from Chicago right through to Crestview. Our minister, J. H. Tillman, is in charge of the region, and is helped by a farmer minister, a carpenter minister and a rural route minister. Something new is being projected, in name at least: "The West Florida Associated Parishes," covering eight or ten points in four different counties. A Larger Parish program will be enstated. When? When Christian Congregationalism regains a conviction that it has still a work to do as of yore, and in the White Southland among our own folks gone there to live. But a prospective twenty per cent cut shuts the door in the face of the Director of the Town and Country Department and his orders were "promote the vision and efficiency of the field but take on nothing that will demand an additional financial outlay." Is the Lord speaking any the less to Congregationalism of today than to Israel of old, saying, "Speak unto them that they go forward"?



What We See Around Us

SHE was visiting her daughter at Straight College. The writer met her on the steps of Stone Hall at the noon hour and spoke to her. She said she was the mother of one of our new girls and the aunt of one of our graduates of last year. She said, in the tone of one who must immediately confide in someone, "Isn't this a wonderful place? I'm certainly glad my daughter is so fortunate as to be able to come to Straight College." She referred then to the freshly-painted dining room, with its white ceiling, its grey walls, its posts and casings of ivory, and said that never before in her life had she seen a room like that.

As we talked, her little daughter stood beside her, and listened half timidly, half eagerly, and that

very timidity and eagerness which I saw written on her face brought back to me a time when I stood in a similar position and when I, too, had the same eager confidence and the same sublime faith in the world and the future.

How carelessly we pass them—these faces that recall to us our own past! Life is a painter of pictures, its choicest canvas the mind and heart of youth! When we are at the threshold we think of our experiences as unique; life's problems, joys, burdens, sorrows, disappointments belong exclusively to us. When we are older we find out that we can have no experience that some other has not known; that the joys, the burdens, the sorrows, the disappointments come to all; that the pictures on the

canvas of life have numerous points in common.

As time goes on we also come to realize that there are really no unimportant details in the picture; that what to the casual observer may appear unimportant is often the most significant. From the chapel platform, on the walks of the campus,

at our desks in the offices, behind the new microscopes in Mrs. Reitnouer's room we are watching life. And in that picture which we see, who shall venture to say which are the significant details, which the things that shall stand out in the memory when all pictures have faded?

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Dickey Memorial Hospital

Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi

IN December, 1926, smoke began to pour out of the side of the little frame house used as a hospital at Tougaloo. The bells clanged, the boys ran and the girls also ran, you may be sure. The boys put up a heroic fight with chemicals and pails but the hospital was soon reduced to ashes smouldering far into the night.

On October 25, 1927, the new Sarah A. Dickey Memorial Hospital was dedicated. But let us go back. In the earliest days after the Civil War an earnest and devoted girl came South from Mount Holyoke College and began her work among the Negroes. She was of a very mystical type and founded her work and sustained it by prayer—in a smaller way she was a Spurgeon in her ready access to God and in her faith that she would be sustained. She founded her work near a small town called Clinton and was compelled to face the persecution and ostracism and even danger which flamed up with the Ku Klux Klan—the answer of the South to the “Carpet Bag” government. Here, in a few small buildings, she labored until her death. She left her impress on the whole community, white and black alike. She called the place Mount Hermon School, for it was unto the hills that she lifted up her voice and received her help. The school was continued for many years

by her faithful helpers and then was given up. What could be moved was taken to Tougaloo. The money received from the sale of the property was given to Tougaloo and assigned to the building of this hospital, to be known as the Sarah A. Dickey Memorial. It is a beautiful little building with two wards holding four beds each, two private rooms, ample

bathroom facilities and a small but adequate kitchen. As the hospital is intended for the students of Tougaloo alone, it is expected to be ample for ordinary needs. One of the wards was furnished from a legacy left by Mrs. Susan M. Frost of Dorchester, Massachusetts,

and the other by the Tougaloo Alumni Club of Jackson, Mississippi. The total cost was \$16,000, and it is as complete as a hospital without attending physicians can be; it is in the hands of the very efficient nurse, Miss Robinson, and excellent physicians are secured from Jackson.

The dedication program was especially significant. In addition to short addresses by Secretary Cady, Mrs. S. E. Norman, President of the Tougaloo Club of Jackson, and by Dr. Silas W. Polk, a graduate of Tougaloo and practicing now among the Negro people of Milan, Tennessee, there was a most cordial response made to the invitations sent out to representative white men. A significant address was



DICKEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, TOUGALOO



MISS ELSIE G. ROBINSON,
REGISTERED NURSE

given by President J. W. Provine of Mississippi College of Clinton, who had been for many years a neighbor of Miss Dickey and bore beautiful testimony to her character, Christian faith and influence. Dr. Felix J. Underwood was there representing the State Board of Health, telling of the new health program which he was trying to carry on in the state. He also gave a vivid picture of the condition of health among the Negroes and the need of an ideal hospital such as was then being dedicated. His address was a renewed emphasis on the co-operation we are now receiving from the South.

And, of course, the students were there to sing,



A Progressive Meeting

By MRS. C. SUMNER OSGOOD

ONE of the perplexing problems in program making for a woman's organization is to arrange the kind of program which will include all the women who are present at a given meeting. Then add to this the other problem of presenting the material in an interesting manner. The following program did these two things and was called a "Progressive Meeting."

In the Chatterton Hill Congregational Church, White Plains, New York, where the plan was tried, a woman was appointed chairman for that particular meeting. She used as many helpers as necessary. To each one she assigned a specific task. To one of them was given the matter of publicity. Posters were prepared, using autumn leaves cut from crepe paper. In addition, every woman who was present at church on the Sunday preceding the meeting was tagged. These tags were two-inch squares of colored cardboard, procured from the printer, on which were written, "You are tagged for the Woman's Association Meeting on Tuesday, October 11." On the reverse side was the announcement of the place of meeting.

About two weeks prior to the meeting the chairman met eight women, and to each one assigned one of the eight projects for which this particular society is responsible. From various sources, especially the missionary magazines, they obtained the material for a discussion of these projects. The chairman gave a good deal of assistance in locating this material. The subjects for discussion were the particular projects of the church, these being the Schauffer Training School; Brick Junior College; the Ministerial Boards; University Pastor at Cornell; Grace Vining, Uduvil, Ceylon; Lillian Picken, Satara, India; Endicott Church; Italian Work in Brooklyn.

"He is King of Kings," and that most thrilling National anthem for the Negroes written by the Johnson brothers, which has become for their race a Marseillaise for peace, as the old one has been for war.

One more unit has now been added to the splendid campus of Tougaloo where already noble buildings have risen among the marvellous oaks festooned with gray southern moss. But what would Tougaloo be without President Holmes, and what would Holmes do without the presence of Mrs. Holmes? Here's to their health—may they never need the hospital!

On the day of the meeting, and after the devotions, music and business, these eight women took their places at tables placed about the room. To the others were given small cards bearing the caption, "Table 1," "Table 2," and so forth. The chairman had done some mental arithmetic so that there was approximately the same number of women at each table. After the women were seated, at a given signal arose a sound of many voices as each leader addressed her own group. After the expiration of five minutes, the signal was repeated, and all the women, except the leaders, "progressed" to another table. The leaders thus repeated their programs eight different times, and in the end every woman present had received some good missionary information.

Different methods were used at the various tables. To illustrate: one woman arranged an "Ask Me Another," but varied it by having the questioner try first to answer her own question. If she failed, of course, the leader knew. The work of the Ministerial Boards was presented by giving to each woman at that table a condensed sketch of some "veteran of the cross." The Italian Work in Brooklyn was in the form of a story of an Italian family.

The tea table was the ninth table.

Of course, there are many variations. As few as four tables can be used. In such a case, lengthen the time to ten minutes. Instead of using projects, interesting programs on countries might be planned.

One of the best features of the plan is that it stimulates those in charge of the tables to inform themselves thoroughly on their particular subjects. Each time this plan is used, at least eight women become wiser, and the splendid thing is that they usually succeed in passing on their information.

A Vacation Visit to an Indian School

By REV. RAYMOND C. SWISHER, D.D.

Dr. Swisher's host was a member of the Riggs family in whose honor the new bridge at Pierre is named, as described by our correspondent on page 23.—EDITOR.

SANTEE NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL gave us a royal welcome. It was a great opportunity to talk over Indian mission work with people who know "their stuff" as the saying goes. Principal and Mrs. Riggs have been in this

tens when he was a little chap. It was a wonderful evening, with Dr. and Mrs. Riggs talking about the mission, its founding, history and interesting work.

Nine-thirty o'clock Sunday morning found us at



SANTEE NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL

work all their lives, and follow in the noble succession of Indian missionaries in their own family. As we sat together that evening we were brought into close touch with the history of the Rev. Stephen R. Riggs, D.D., grandfather of our host, who, with Thomas S. Williams, founded the Indian mission amongst the Santee Indians at Lac-qui-parle, Minnesota. This devoted missionary followed this group of Sioux Indians in their imprisonments and troubles incidental to their uprising and massacre of white settlers, and from among these prisoners made the first converts. The next epoch of interest in this important line was the founding of the Santee Mission in 1870. The old Mission Home stands today as it was when built by Dr. Alfred L. Riggs at that early date. The frame is of cottonwood, the kind of timber they found growing along the Missouri River. Dr. Riggs had as his partner in this enterprise Dr. John P. Williamson. It was in this house that Dr. and Mrs. Riggs reared their family and radiated an atmosphere of Christian living. This was the childhood home of the present principal, Dr. Frederick B. Riggs, and the next day we saw the splendid library which was his father's, and things treasured by the dear mother who went to her reward the twenty-seventh day of February last. It was also with peculiar interest that we examined the old hearthstone brought from Lac-qui-parle by "Zitkadanwaste," the Indian name for Dr. A. L. Riggs. This big, flat limestone, weighing about 1,700 pounds, was in front of the fireplace in the old Dakota Mission founded by Dr. Stephen Riggs. There are two saucer-like holes in the formation and in these Dr. A. L. Riggs fed milk to the kit-

Sunday School in the mission chapel, which has had two additions during the years it has served as the religious center at this important school. The original lines are easily traced, and this building, like the Home, was built of cottonwood. At this gathering we met Rev. and Mrs. John Wright, who represent the Presbyterian interests in the Santee School. Mr. Wright, in addition to his teaching work, is superintendent of the Sunday School. As this was vacation time the large student body was not in evidence; but we could easily see what the possibilities are during the school year.

The Indians at Church

Following the Sunday School was the Indian church service. When we came to this service we felt for certain that we were at an Indian Agency and school. The chapel was quite well filled with the Indian folk of the vicinity. Rev. Charles Frazier, a full-blooded Sioux, is the pastor. It was an Indian service in the Dakota language, hymns and all. We could understand the tunes, as it was Dr. A. L. Riggs who translated the hymn book into the Dakota tongue, and this collection is the good old time-honored hymns. The "amens" were also intelligible, and the place of the text and scripture lesson. But it is not necessary to understand in order to worship. It was a worshipful service, and the attention the Indians gave their pastor was evidence that the sermon was interesting and helpful. Dr. Riggs, who understands this Dakota language perfectly, said it was a good sermon, and I took his word for it. There was a part, aside from the offering, that we did understand, and that was the brief address of Rev. Philip Frazier who, with his wife and children, was home

on a visit. Mr. Frazier is a graduate of Santee, Oberlin College and Chicago Seminary. He and Mrs. Frazier are working in an Indian mission for the Friends' Church among the Kickapoos in Oklahoma. Mrs. Frazier is a Sac and Fox Indian and

taking different scalps nowadays, a good many in the form of school and college diplomas. We talked over Indian history and customs without reserve, and accompanying the grave and serious was much in the lighter vein. Dr. Riggs told of seeing



CHILDREN AT SANTEE, NEBRASKA

a graduate of the Friends' College at Willamette, Ohio. He gave a very interesting account of their mission. The Christian faith has not as yet taken hold on the Kickapoos; forty per cent of them are adherents of the old Indian religion, and sixty per cent followers of the Peyote worship, which has worked its way up from Mexico, and uses the Mescal bean, which intoxicates the devotee. The peculiar effect of this inebriation is considered by the Indians as holy and mysterious. These fine young people, with others, are carrying the spirit of Santee and other Christian institutions to the Kickapoos. Mr. Frazier closed his remarks by singing, in a beautiful rendition, "Spirit of God."

Dinner and Table Talk

The Sunday dinner was an important event. We had as our fellow guests, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Frazier and children, and Dr. G. J. Frazier and family. "Frazier" is a leading name at Santee. "Ehnamani," the father of these two men, early took the name of Frazier. He was the father of a large family, and had a number of relatives. Dr. Frazier has been for several years the Agency physician. As he was leaving for another location soon, the people were quite distressed, wondering how they should get on without him. The fellowship of this dinner will long be remembered. We got on well without the "pipe of peace" or even a pipe apiece. I felt very safe for my scalp, although Sioux Indians were overwhelmingly in the majority. But they assured us that they were

a Sioux Indian exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition, the director in charge interpreting the Indian's address to the crowd by telling how many men he had scalped, how many buffalo he had killed and other of his wild adventures. Dr. Riggs' knowledge of the Dakota language did not allow this misrepresentation, and he stepped forward and told the people, that "this Indian wants to tell you that he has come a long distance, enjoys being here, and finds the big fair and crowds interesting to him." The director upon hearing this ran Dr. Riggs out of the tent.

A Joke on the Bishop

Dr. Frazier was reminded of the story of Bishop Whipple, who, when preaching to the Indians, made frequent use of the word "St. Paul," and the interpreter each time would say "Minneapolis," instead. This put the Bishop in a rather ridiculous light before his Indian audience.

Speaking of the Indian language and interpretation, brought out the fact that it was Dr. Stephen R. Riggs who made the grammar and dictionary of the Dakota tongue.

The afternoon was pleasantly spent in looking through the buildings and examining the equipment of Santee. The government Agency and the buildings in connection with the Santee School and others have made a little village known as Santee, yet in the main the institution is a rural enterprise situated on a farm of four hundred and fifty acres. It is a big Nebraska farm, and this year has yielded

a fine crop in different lines. About a hundred head of duroc hogs were basking in the sun, many of which would furnish juicy hams and pork chops, to say nothing of long rings of sausage, for the Indian boys and girls as they come back to the halls for study this year. We must remember that Santee is a boarding-school, and it takes a large amount of food to satisfy the big family of growing young people.

Memorial Hall is the main school building; built in memory of Dr. A. L. Riggs, the founder. It offers every facility for high school work and is well adapted in every particular. Dr. Riggs has charge of the science department, the equipment and apparatus showing evidence of careful work. There are a number of other buildings, the Boys' Cottage, the Birds' Nest for younger girls, Davis Hall, the big dormitory for the older girls, and Whitney Hall, the young men's dormitory. The manual training department in Santee should receive special mention. They have a complete forge and iron work equipment where the boys learn much of the blacksmith's art; in addition to this is the wood-working department where they have

made a great specialty of toy-making and small pieces of house furniture. They could stock up an ordinary toy shop with their products.

The printing shop at Santee is an interesting place. Besides printing the school catalogue, they publish a number of pamphlets and periodicals. *The Word Carrier* is the leading paper. A paper for the Episcopal church is published here also. While the outlay is not elaborate, they manage to print some books, and do a very creditable line of work.

The memorial concrete sidewalk was of interest to us. Embedded in the different sections of this long walk were the names from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Our visit was delightful. We realized how worthy Santee Normal Training School is of all the benefactions turned its way. What a noble piece of work it is doing with its fine Christian flavor.

We went as strangers and came away as friends, both of the devoted workers and of the fine institution which had been built up during the years of hard work and perseverance.



Progress of San Diego Chinese Mission

THE laying of the corner-stone for the new chapel and dormitory of the Chinese Mission in San Diego commemorated the completion of fifty-five years of mission work for the Chinese in that city. It also marked the beginning of a new era of progress, for with a new plant and an adequate equipment the work should prosper more than ever before.

Mr. George W. Marston, who was the largest donor of the \$15,000 fund needed to erect the building, and who has been one of the most active and generous supporters of the work ever since he came to San Diego, laid the corner-stone after making a short address. Other addresses were made by Tom Kin Lai, one of the oldest members of the

Mission. Mr. C. C. Hung, head of the Mission, and Rev. Paul B. Waterhouse, Extension Secretary, also participated in the services.

"The Mission is the meeting-place of the East and the West," said Mr. Hung. "It is here primarily to provide a center for the social and spiritual life of the young Chinese who come to San Diego to secure an education. We strive to see that greater social opportunities are offered in the best environment. We find that here the Chinese young people come into contact with the best of the Western ideals, civilization and religion, and while we are learning from our American friends, we are also trying to give them a clearer idea of Chinese character, ideals, traditions and ambitions.



THE World War has taught us the folly of force. Hatred is the most uneconomical thing in the world. The world learns but slowly. . . . Love is the one standard in terms of which all progress must be measured. Bitter as are the hatreds of the world today, they are as nothing when compared to those of the bygone darker ages. The hatred of race for race, nation for nation, religion for religion, and individuals for each other is fading away as the centuries come and go. So far have

we advanced and are still advancing upon the upward grade.

Yes, the world is growing better; but we must be patient with God and his slow-working plan of evolution towards human perfectibility. We are not yet half-way between the old Adam and the new man Christ. The human race will have to struggle upward for as many ages as it has already existed before it may expect to attain unto the great consummation.—KELLY MILLER.

Good Friend—Great Helper

REV. JOHN J. WALKER, who has served as an officer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society for sixteen years, was found dead at the wheel of the automobile he was preparing to drive to Fall River for a preaching appointment Sunday morning, December 4.

Mr. Walker was born in Warren, Massachusetts, May 17, 1868, but was taken as a child to Springfield, in whose schools he was fitted for Amherst College, where he graduated in 1889. After two years' service as a teacher, he entered Union Theological Seminary, transferring at the end of his Junior year to Andover, where he graduated in 1894. He held three pastorates: in East Providence, Rhode Island, for two years; in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, for four years; and in Westboro, Massachusetts, for ten years. In 1911 he was called to be Treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society and held that office until 1918, when he became Associate Secretary. The ill health of Secretary Emrich during the early part of Mr. Walker's treasurership had laid upon him almost from the beginning of his service a large measure of secretarial responsibility. Upon the retirement of Dr. Emrich, which took place in 1925, he was made Secretary of the Society, having

entire charge of the missionary administration.

Few executive workers have been more greatly loved by their associates both in the office and on the field than Mr. Walker. His willingness to work without consideration of time or weariness, his quiet and intelligent sympathy, his sane practical judgment and his wonderfully unselfish spirit made him worthy of the love and confidence which were placed in him. He was a great Christian and it is well for us sometimes to remember that it is more important even in ecclesiastical management to be a great Christian than to be a great business man and a successful self-advertiser. The relation between Mr. Walker and Secretary Emrich was more like that of a son to a father than of an assistant to his superior. The workers in the home missionary field who have known something of Mr. Walker's quality will not only sympathize with their Massachusetts colleagues but will feel a deep sense of personal loss.

Mr. Walker's wife, who was Bertha A. Pierce, of Claremont, New Hampshire, died in 1919. Three children survive: Mrs. Elizabeth Mellen, of Hyannis, Massachusetts; Mrs. Margaret Carter, Newton Centre, Massachusetts, and William, of the Class of 1928, in Amherst College.

Program Topic—The Adventure of the Church

Chapter V: A World Adventure

Opening Hymn: "God of the Nations, Who from Dawn of Day."

Scripture: II Cor. 9:15.

Hymn: "Ye Christian Heralds."

Topics for Discussion:

1. Describe briefly the conditions existing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which made possible the beginnings of foreign missions.
2. Three-minute sketches of at least three of the earliest foreign missionaries.
3. How did the foreign missionary work of our own denomination begin?
4. Name five or six of our early Congregational missionaries, and give a few facts regarding their lives and work.
5. Has our conception of foreign missions changed during the last hundred years? In what ways?

6. Have any changes taken place recently in the educational policy of our foreign mission stations?
7. What of our program of medical missions?
8. What of our social service enterprise in foreign countries?
9. State briefly the changes taking place in the attitude of foreign nations toward America, and the effects of these changes on our missionary work.
10. Is our own church meeting its responsibility toward our foreign missionary enterprise? Are we presenting our projects faithfully to our membership, and to our young people?
11. In what ways is the missionary enterprise a benefit to our church and to us as individual Christians?

Sentence Prayers.

Closing Hymn: "Oh, Zion, haste."

Religious Motion Pictures

THE Religious Motion Picture Foundation, of 140 Nassau Street, New York City, issues an announcement of motion picture films which may be secured at much more moderate rentals than has usually been the case. Four pictures are now available: "Jesus Confounds His Critics," 1 reel; "The

Unwelcome Guest," 1 reel; "Forgive Us Our Debts," 2 reels; "The Rich Young Ruler," 2 reels.

The Foundation maintains distributing points at eight centers throughout the country. Further information can be secured from the office at the address given above.

News in Brief

A CAMPAIGN is on for a new church at Harrington, Washington. The pastor is Rev. Ernest A. Allin.

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On Sunday, November 20, Plymouth Church, Des Moines, dedicated a magnificent new house of worship. The plan when completed will represent \$500,000 and *Congregational Iowa* says of it, "If the churches of the Pilgrim faith were given to the building of cathedrals this would be the new cathedral church of Iowa Congregationalism." We hope later to show pictures of this building in THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

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An unusual and very attractive folder, descriptive of the Plateau Valley Larger Parish Hospital, is being distributed in large quantities. This history of a needed medical work in a district which was for years far removed from hospital service was prepared by Dr. Dana and may be had upon application to the Congregational Home Missionary Society, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City. In this connection, we recommend the use of the stereopticon lecture, "The Story of a Religious Adventure," which tells of the organization of the Plateau Valley Parish, and of the many interesting phases of work which have been instituted by the central church at Collbran.

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It was with deep regret and sympathy for his bereaved family that word of the death of Rev. Karl F. Henrikson, on November 25, at Quincy, Massachusetts, was received at the offices of the Church Extension Boards. He had been ill for some months but remained in active service until late last summer. His death will be a great loss to the Finnish ministers with whom he has been associated for many years. Mr. Henrikson always sought to serve his fellow countrymen. In 1896 he took charge of the Training School for Finnish Ministers at Quincy and resigned in 1912 to take charge of the newly formed Finnish Department at the solicitation of the Home Missionary Society. Calls for the service he could so well render were constantly coming from Canada, and in 1919 he took the pastorate of a Finnish church in Toronto. About five years ago he was again commissioned by the Home Missionary Society as Pastor-at-large among our Finnish Congregationalists, and continued this work until a short time before his death.

On September 4, Rev. John Kocherha and his congregation of Czecho-Slovakians celebrated the anniversary of twenty-five years of life for the church and ten years of service by the pastor by rededicating a renovated house of worship. Three other useful Czecho-Slovakian Congregational churches are in or close to Pittsburgh.

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On page 874 of our December issue is a picture of the new chancel of the First Congregational Church, Winchester, Massachusetts. It is of interest to know that this month—December—the new Parish House for this church is being dedicated. We hope to have pictures and describe its parts more perfectly in our next issue. The total expense of the parish house and for the construction of the chancel is about \$250,000.

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A new house of worship for the First Church, Boylston, Massachusetts, was dedicated on November 6. The former house of worship was destroyed by fire February 4, 1924, and only by great faith and careful planning, for which great credit must be given to Mr. George H. Boyden, chairman of the Building Committee, has this result been attained. The building is of the old Georgian type familiar to New England. It is of good proportions and is in every way a credit to the builders.

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Mobery is a small town one and one-half miles from Eastland, Tennessee, and three miles from Clifty. There are about twenty families living here, and some are not able to send their children to Sunday School because of lack of clothing. The following letter has been received from a member of this small community: "The people's needs are many, as all are poor and work is scarce. We need the word of God preached, as we have no church here. We have only a Sunday School. The nearest Congregational church is at Pleasant Hill, ten miles away. I went to school there about eight years. My fifteen-year-old daughter is there now, working her way through. I will try to get a photograph of the school and mail it to you as soon as possible. Our school teacher made this remark the other day, 'Oh, I don't think we need to send missionaries to China; we need them here.' Any help that can be given will be greatly appreciated." A Sunday School in Connecticut saw this opportunity and adopted Mobery town Sunday School for its own.

Give a Thought to Africa

By HOSEA K. NYABONGA

The author of the following verses is a native of Uganda, East Africa, who is now a student at Clark University, Atlanta, Georgia. He is the eldest son of a native king, and consequently is heir apparent to the throne. He is a devout Christian, has a fine mental endowment, and is fitting himself for the largest possible service to his people on his return to Africa.

Give a thought to Africa!
Neath the burning sun,
Hosts of weary hearts are there,
Waiting to be won.
Many idols have they,
But from swamp and clod
Many a voice is crying out
For the living God.

Breathe a prayer for Africa:
"O thou God of love,
Send thy blessings on the tribes,
From thy home above."
Swarthy lips when moved by grace
Can most sweetly sing;
Pray that Afric's heart may be
Loyal to our King.

Give your love to Africa!
There our brothers call.
Bring release from slavery,
Break sin's bitter thrall.
White shall love the black man,
Each forget the past;
In the father's house above,
All will meet at last.



The Negro

HISTORY does not anywhere record so much progress made in the same length of time as that which has been accomplished by the Negro race in the United States since the Emancipation Proclamation. They have come up from slavery to be prominent in education, the professions, art, science, agriculture, banking and commerce. It is estimated that fifty thousand of them are on the Government payrolls, drawing about \$50,000,000 each year. They have been the recipients of presidential appointments and their professional ability has arisen to a sufficiently high plane so that they have been entrusted with the entire management and control of the great veterans' hospital at Tuskegee, where their conduct has taken high rank.

They have shown that they have been worthy of all the encouragement which they have received. Nevertheless, they are too often subjected to thoughtless and inconsiderate treatment, unworthy alike of the white or colored races. They have especially been made the target of the foul crime of lynching. For several years these acts of unlawful violence have been diminishing. In the last year they have shown an increase. Every principle of order and law and liberty is opposed to this crime. The Congress should enact any legislation it can under the Constitution to provide for its elimination.—*From the Message of PRESIDENT COOLIDGE to Congress.*

December 6, 1927.



The A. M. A. Treasury

WILLIAM T. BOULT, Treasurer

THE DANIEL HAND EDUCATIONAL FUND FOR COLORED PEOPLE

RECEIPTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1927

Income for November from Investments.....	\$5,431.25
Previously acknowledged	59.78
	<hr/>
	\$5,491.03

FORM OF A BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath the sum of.....dollars to the American Missionary Association, incorporated by act of the Legislature of the State of New York." The will should be attested by three witnesses.

CONDITIONAL GIFTS

Anticipated bequests are received on the Conditional Gift plan; the Association agreeing to pay an annual sum in semi-annual payments during the life of the donor or other designated person. For information, write The American Missionary Association.

Items From *The Congregational Way*, Oregon

"Our Women in Missions"

New Social Service Director

THE Social Service Director of the Oregon Woman's Missionary Society, elected at the annual meeting, Mrs. Geo. Taylor, of Beaverton, has been obliged to leave the Board, and in her place Mrs. C. H. Harrison has been appointed.

A good deal of "box work" has been done in Oregon, but most of it has not been reported to the state Board. It is hoped that the work will continue, and that a full report will be sent to Mrs. Harrison, 555 Clifton Place, Portland, as soon as the box has been sent. This report should include the time and the place that the box was sent, and a valuation of its contents.

The Friendly Service Boxes

It has been a real joy at the meetings of the various associations to hear the women tell of their work in preparing boxes to send to some of our schools or hospitals or missionary pastors' families.

A Christmas box has gone to the Abrahams in Africa; another is being prepared for Miss Tontz's little black babies; a box of beautiful bedding and clothing is ready to cheer the heart of a pastor's wife, who with her multitudinous duties finds it hard to keep up with the family sewing; pretty gingham dresses and bloomers have been made for some of the girls "from six to twelve" at Rio Grande Institute; and a layette for a new baby will soon be sent according to directions of Miss M. L. Woodberry, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Arrangements have been made to insert a Congregational World Wide News Supplement in each issue of *The Congregational Way*. Our readers will thus receive two papers in one each month.

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On Thursday, December 15, a delegation of the Mt. Holyoke College Glee Club entertained the patients of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital. Besides the time-honored church songs, some rare old English carols were sung. The services of the Club were secured through the courtesy of Dr. Fred H. Albee, Professor of Orthopedic Surgery, and the trip was sponsored by the New York Alumnae of Mt. Holyoke College. It has been the custom of the Mt. Holyoke College Glee Club for the past five years to sing Christmas carols in one or another of the hospitals in the East. Patients in the hospitals of Boston, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia and Washington have been visited.

Shall We Be Christians?

It means: Faith in God—Search for Truth—Demand for Justice—Challenge for Reform—Call to Go Forward.

If you would be inspired by the Adventuring Pilgrim Spirit in the life of today — read *The Congregationalist*.

The National Weekly Journal of the Congregational Churches is resolutely Christian and broadly Interdenominational. It is filled with Human Interest and Spiritual Dynamic.

On Our Way into 1928 join us, and read "Are Foreign Missions Coming or Going?", "The Future of Protestantism in America," "The Autobiography of a Journalist" (with new light on Lincoln, Moody, John Brown, and other famous men), "What About Our Youth?", "Modern American Prophets," "What Does it Mean to be a Christian?", Our Readers' Forum, Outlook on Current Events and Current Literature.

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The Congregationalist

14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
19 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

The Book Shelf

THE CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF FORGIVENESS.

By H. R. Mackintosh. Harper and Brothers. pp. 299. \$3.00.

This book deals with certain sublime realities that lie at the very heart of our faith.

"To be saved, for a Christian man, is to have trustful communion with God as his child and with men as a brother among brethren; and the position taken in these pages is that the fundamental and creative act whereby salvation in this sense is made and kept real is the forgiveness of sins. Pardon is not the end of God's ways with men, but it is the blessing which leads in all others by the hand.

"The New Testament comes forward with a presentation of the forgiving love of God which, in quality and range, has neither rival nor predecessor. It exhibits God as forgiving with a sublimity and a universality of intention which displays all the characteristics of human pardon at its highest pitch; but in addition it adds certain elements of Divine infinitude and wonder that open vistas into a new realm.

"The wonder of forgiveness is the measure of its necessity, and the deep personal certitude that there is forgiveness with God is the true spring of all evangelism. In every age the guilty must be told of the remission of sins—'with the Lord there is mercy and with him is plenteous redemption,' this is the note of authentic Christianity and is a note which men love to hear in a preacher's voice."

Professor Mackintosh presents his great theme in all its bearings with the faithful, patient thoroughness of a true scholar and a profound thinker, to which he adds the gifts of an accomplished writer, able to put the greatest truths in simple, intelligible language; and besides all this he has that tender, passionate earnestness which is the unmistakable mark of a rich personal experience.

We commend this important work especially to Christian ministers. It presents in fresh and vital statement, truth that must have a commanding place in every pulpit of power. Too easily do we acquire the habit of speaking chiefly upon

light, easy themes, neglecting those that go down to the great depths of human experience and need.

We are confident that these chapters will make of almost any minister who reads them through with thoughtful attention, a better, stronger, more effective preacher of Christ's gospel.

TRADER HORN. *Being the life and works of Alfred Aloisius Horn, taken down and edited by Ethelreda Lewis.* Simon and Schuster. pp. 302. \$4.00.

A woman of letters is deep in her fourteenth chapter. Comes a peddler, an old man, with kitchen wares for sale. She dismisses him shortly; is already supplied; is very busy; makes it a principle never to buy on the stoop, which is her study.

He replies that it is a good habit. He can well understand it; shoulders his bundle and with a cheerful "Good morning," turns away. She relents and calls him back. "I believe I could do with a new gridiron."

Thus did Mrs. Lewis discover her gold mine; one of the most vivid and altogether remarkable life stories ever put in print: a book "arisen, as one may say, from a gridiron bartered between two strangers."

Week by week the aged peddler set down a chapter of recollections from his early life as a trader in rubber and ivory among the natives of equatorial Africa. These chapters which he brought to her and talked over, she has given us precisely as they were written; repetitions, weird spelling and all. What is far more important, she also reports, word for word, that wonderful talk: racy, juicy, pungent, sparkling with humor and full of quaint wisdom.

Here we have from the flickering memory of an old man, a series of unique and fascinating pictures, showing what he saw fifty years before—a land of vast rivers and endless forests peopled by elephants, lions, gorillas and all manner of jungle life. He takes us through the natives' villages—cannibals, those natives, and slavers, yet not without their merits. We meet the beautiful white girl who is their goddess. The story is full of adventure and

Bible Complete, in 31 volumes. Sample 5 cents. Address (Miss) Elizabeth Merriam, Framingham, Massachusetts.

Mention The American Missionary

closes with a charming touch of romance.

Through it all, like a golden thread, runs the memory of a lovely woman—a missionary from America.

"Some o' those American missionaries from Cincinnati were above par. Good fellers, brave as lions. Same as that sweet lady, at heart . . .

"Of all my memories of the rivers that White Lady shines the clearest. White she was, ma'am, right through to her heart and with no more fear than Stanley on a cannibal river . . . 'Why, what's the matter, Mr. Horn?' she says. And we were walking through a village with great big idols sticking up at every corner. Twelve and fourteen feet high some of 'em. Painted skulls everywhere. I put a bright smile on me, ma'am, and walked beside her with me hand in me pocket grasping me revolver. Not that it'd a-been any use. They'd never seen a white woman, and what a sweet face she had! . . . 'God is everywhere,' she says. 'Here just the same as in my home in America' . . . I'm Catholic, but I'm not so Catholic as to think we're the only ones can raise a saint. I'm not grudging her to the Presbyterians."

PELOUBET'S SELECTED NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1928. By Amos R. Wells, Litt. D., LL.D. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston, Mass. pp. 384. \$2.00.

The fifty-fourth annual volume of this popular and helpful book comes to us with its old-time charm, and its ever-recurring appeal, and finds an eager welcome from all Sunday School workers and students. Its suggestive thoughts upon the Life of Christ according to the Gospel of Mark, and the Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul, are inspiring, far-reaching, and compelling. The reproductions in color of Del Sarto's "John the Baptist," and Hofmann's Christ, give an added value to the book this year.